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History, Antiquities, Biography.

LIFE OF JOANNA SOUTHCOTT.

(WITH A PORTRAIT.)

THE life of this woman is one of the most extraordinary instances of the power of fanaticism over public credulity, and testifies a combination of weakness and ignorance, very contradictory to the usually received opinions of the improved state of the lower classes in England.

Joanna Southcott was born in April, 1758, at Gettisham, an obscure village in Devonshire, and was the daughter of a poor farmer. In her early days she was brought up, according to the profession of her parents, in the tenets of the Established Church, and for the first forty years of her life, passed her time in humble obscurity, sometimes in the capacity of a servant, at others in that of a workwoman at an upholsterer's. Her character has been ever unimpeached, not because she was unsusceptible of warm emotions, for even when young, her own confessions prove, that her struggles between love and religion were very violent. Before she went to service, she was in love with one Noah Bishop, and declared she would die rather than marry any one but him; but she rejected him "for the love of her Creator."—Others, also, according to her own statement, made inroads upon her affections, some aided by wealth, some by beauty, but she maintained a successful struggle against them all.

Her religious feelings, which were very ardent, led her to attach herself at first to the methodists, a sect then in its most flourishing state. The scenes of enthusiastic fervour to which this connection must have often introduced her, contributed no small share to the present misdirection of her faculties. Her struggles, when amongst them, were calculated to excite the most extraordinary and powerful emotions. When working at an upholsterer's, a preacher used to frequent her master's house, who lived in adultery with his wife, and debauched his daughter, while the man himself attempted, but in vain, to seduce Joanna. The mental conflict produced in this young woman's mind, by a comparison between the doctrines she heard, and the practice of the preacher and his hearers, must have been one great cause of producing the derangement which has led her to her latter extravagancies. This preacher used to terrify all who heard him praying, and make them shriek out convulsively. All the

servants in the family stood in terror of him, and his furious extravagance had such an effect on Joanna, that though sensible he had no power over her, she used to think the room at such times full of spirits. She was much perplexed about him, as she was fully convinced he performed miracles, but could not account by what spirit he wrought them. Afterwards, indeed, when she became a prophetess herself, the mystery was easily cleared up: she then discovered, that this man was the false prophet in the revelations, who is to be taken with the beast, and cast alive with him into a lake of burning brimstone.

Her own prophetic career was gradual and progressive. She began with humble and diffident prophecies concerning the weather, such as are contained in some of the popular almanacks, on which English ignorance and credulity bestow such credit, though every month's experience detects their falsehood. She then advanced a step higher, and ventured to announce threats concerning the fate of Europe, and the successes of the French. As some of these happened to be right, the women of the family where she then worked began to give credit to her, and she at length ventured to submit her papers to the judgment of the officiating clergyman at Exeter, whose church she was in the habit of attending. Its consequences were the first steps to attract the public notice, and to confirm her in her delusion. The clergyman, whose name was Pomeroy, weakly listened to her at first; and instead of checking her zeal by prudent admonitions and advice, received from her certain sealed papers, which she told him contained prophecies, that were to be opened and examined at some future period, when their accomplishment had proved their truth, and her inspiration. He thus sanctioned, or seemed to sanction, her design of publishing her call to the world.—When this publication appeared, he found his own name so introduced in it, as to imply, that if he had not encouraged, he had, at least, not done his utmost to prevent her from so doing. On finding himself thus involved by his weak credulity, he prevailed on her to allow of an advertisement in the newspapers, under her own signature, stating that he had told her it was the work of the devil. But this was of little effect. The advertisement, as it was worded, signified that Mr. Pomeroy had always said her calling was from the devil, whereas, she and her witnesses protest, that what she signed was merely an acknowledgement that Mr. Pomeroy had said, after her book was printed, that the devil had instigated her to put his name into it.

In an unlucky hour, his evil genius whispered Mr. Pomeroy, that the most speedy means of terminating the controversy would be, to burn the papers that caused it.—He did so. Joanna and her disciples, when this came to their knowledge, declared that many of the prophecies contained in them were accomplished, and called upon him to produce the vouchers that were to be the test of her truth or falsehood. He was for a long time persecuted with letters, sometimes from herself, sometimes from her brother, and sometimes from one of her four and twenty elders. Some of them he answered; but whether he answered them or not, it was all the same. If he

did not, Joanna published her letter, and sold it, making use of his silence as a proof of conscious guilt in him; if he was tempted to break silence, his answer served to increase the bulk and price of her publication.

Her books, which have been a fruitful source for disseminating fanaticism among the lower classes of the English, a race ignorant and peculiarly credulous, and for raising money for her cause, are written both in prose and rhyme; all the latter, and the greater part of the former, being written in the name of the Almighty. Her handwriting was so nearly illegible, that she found it convenient at last to consign her pen to one of her favoured disciples, who, in the character of an amanuensis, wrote down the effusions of her inspiration. His office was no sinecure. The number of lines she poured out is immense. They consist of a rhapsody of texts, dreams, visions, and types, with their application expressed in language, coarse, vulgar, and frequently unintelligible. Most of our readers will be satisfied with the following specimen:

So learned men, no more contend,
'Till you have seen all clear,
The woman clothed with the sun
A wonder to all here.
So, in amaze, you all may gaze,
As Adam did at first,
To see the bone, to him unknown,
The woman there was plac'd.
The woe you see, was brought on he,
And the first woe for man;
But how shall Satan now get free?
She casts her woe on man.
Though 'twas not she, I must tell ye,
Did cast her woe on man;
The serpent was condemned by she,
And then her woe must come.

Joanna at first seemed to doubt the state of her own intellects: her early letters express an humble submission to wiser judgments, and had she at that time met with some intelligent person charitable enough to converse with her rationally on the state of her feelings, it is highly probable the delusion would have been easily dispelled, and England saved a deluge of writings, whose absurdity alone screens them from the charge of blasphemy. The clergy in her own neighbourhood were invited by private letters to examine her claims, but they treated her invitation with contempt; the bishop, also, did not choose to interfere. Left, therefore, to the unrestrained impulse of her own misguided feelings, she hurried on in the ways of fanaticism; and while those who could have done good stood aloof, they made room for the credulous and artful to urge on the poor enthusiast to wider digressions from the path of truth and soberness. Believers soon came to her from a distance. Seven persons arrived from different parts of the country to visit her; these became her seven stars; and on the addition of an equal number, she boasted that her seven stars had become fourteen.

To accommodate some of her disciples, who were already thorough-paced seekers in the mists of modern prophecy, she confirmed the authenticity of the mission of Brothers, the late prophet, acknowledging him to be the king of the Hebrews. Her doctrines as to herself were these:—She asserts herself to be the woman in the revelations, who has the moon under her feet, and on her head a crown of twelve stars, by which she typified her first twelve believers, whom she styled her apostles; these, with the second twelve, made up her company of twenty-four elders.—She says it was revealed to her,

that she was born to deliver both men and angels from the insults of the devil. The scheme of redemption is completed in her, and without her it would be imperfect. By woman came the fall of man—by woman must come his redemption: woman plucked the evil fruit, and woman must pluck the good fruit: the tree of knowledge was tasted by Eve—the tree of life is reserved for Joanna: Eve was a bone from Adam—Joanna is a bone from Christ, the second Adam. She is the bride, the promised seed, who is to bruise the serpent's head: she is allowed to claim the promise made at the creation, that woman should be a help-mate of man; by her the creator fulfils his promise, and acquits himself of the charge of having given woman in vain to man. The evening star was placed in the firmament as her type.

She declared, that the immediate object of her call was to destroy the devil. A regular dispute of seven days was agreed upon between Joanna and him. She was to be alone, while he was allowed to bring to his aid as many of the powers of darkness as he pleased. He was not, however, to appear visibly; for as he had declined appearing in a visible form to some of her elders, when they had made an appointment to meet him, he was not to be permitted to manifest himself now, when he might turn his appearance to his own advantage. The conditions of the disputation were, that if she held out in argument against him for seven days, the world was to be freed, and he to fall. But if she yielded, Satan's kingdom was to stand, and a second fall of the human race was to be the consequence. She went to a solitary house at the time appointed, where she was met by her adversary, who acted very honourably on the occasion, for he extended the licence of bringing other spirits to his aid no farther than having the attendance of his friend Apollyon, a spirit well known to those versed in the works of John Bunyan. He, however, acted only as mediator, as will be presently seen, and therefore it must be allowed, that the devil gave his formidable adversary fair play, in this most important dispute. Joanna took down the whole conference in writing, word for word; for, she tells us she was ordered to set down all his blasphemies, to let the world know what the language of hell is. As it appears from her reports to be neither delicate nor argumentative, the following specimen will, no doubt, satisfy the reader's curiosity:

"Thou infamous b—h, thou hast been flattering God, that he may stand thy friend—such low cunning I despise. Thou wheening devil, stop thy eternal tongue: thou runnest on so fast, all the devils in hell cannot keep up with thee. God hath done something to choose a b—h of a woman, that will down argue the devil, and scarce give him room to speak."

The conference concluded by the devil's being silenced. Indeed words ran so high, for Joanna was not behind-hand in giving him a Rowland for his Oliver, that Apollyon found it necessary to interpose, in order to bring off his friend with some degree of credit. He tried, but in vain, to accommodate matters. The devil complained that she gave him ten words for one. He said, that "all men were tired of her tongue already, and now she had tired the devil—that no man could tame a woman's tongue—the sands of an

hour glass did not run faster—it was better to dispute with a thousand men than one woman."

Thus the dispute broke off; Joanna fasted after it for forty days, according to her disciples' account; however, it is to be observed, that it was only what christians in general would call a stricter lent, an abstinence from fish as well as flesh.

The moon which is under her feet in the revelations is the devil; for, having power to give light by night, and not by day, it is Satan's kingdom and his dwelling-place. Her enmity against him was unconquerable. Once when, as she tells us, the Lord made her the same promise that Herod had done to Herodias, her request was, that Satan might be cut off from the face of the earth, as John the Baptist had been. This petition she was instructed to write, and having sealed it with three seals, to carry it to the altar where she received the sacrament, and a promise was returned that it should be granted. Her dreams have been often of the devil. Once she saw him like a pig, with his mouth tied up; at another time she tore all the skin off his face, after a severe battle; once she bit off his fingers, and thought the blood sweet; and once she killed him outright. However, these were but dreams; nor is it yet recorded whether they have been fulfilled, or the promise accomplished.

At another time a trial was announced, to prove the authenticity of her mission and writings. As none but her friends appeared, an attorney was brought in to see that all things were done according to due form; witnesses were examined on her side, proclamation was made for those on the other side to come forward, and on their non-appearance, sentence was given in her favour, and her title fully confirmed in the minds of the most incredulous of her disciples. It so happened that she had prophecied, that she would be in a trance during this trial. This was found to be either inconvenient or impracticable; a previous revelation therefore announced, that this was not to be the case; and she was thus allowed the full use of all the wits she possessed, to defend her rights.

Another instance of failure as to her prophecies, occurred with respect to her father, a venerable old man, to whom it is said that Joanna always conducted herself in the most exemplary manner. She foretold his death would take place within a certain period. To use a gambler's phrase, the odds were on her side, for he was upwards of seventy. Yet, as if in the very teeth of the prediction, he lived beyond the time.

At another time, she undertook to raise a dead man to life. The company were assembled, the corpse produced, and extended on a table; the process of the miracle was on the point of being performed, when an arch infidel, who happened to be there, proposed, as a further confirmation of it, that the body should be first stabbed in a vital part. Joanna doubtless would have acceded to such a reasonable proposal, had time been allowed, but the dead man, as soon as he heard the words, started up and ran away.

Facts like these had no effect — The people still flocked in crowds. Numbers believed in her in spite of every thing that ought to have opened the eyes of the most simple.

In order to distinguish her disciples, she issues papers, which she calls "the seals." These are sold by her preachers, and produce no small revenue. They consist of a small piece of paper, on which is drawn a circle of about six inches diameter, which contains the writing in a good plain hand, to which is annexed her own signature, a wretched scrawl. The writing is as follows:

(Name of the disciple.)
The sealed of the Lord, the precious Elect,
Man's Redemption,
To inherit the tree of life,
To be made Heirs of God, and joint Heirs
with Jesus Christ.
(The Date.)
JOANNA SOUTHCOTT.

The paper is closed up, and sealed with red wax; the impression contains the letters J. C.—The former of these Joanna tells her disciples in one of her books, stands for Jesus and Joanna.

Her doctrines gradually began to spread. They prevail much in London, and branch out to the country parts, particularly into Lincolnshire. Several chapels have been built for disseminating them, a circumstance which indicates the accession of wealth. Several persons, respectable from their situation in life, have professed themselves her disciples.—Among these are to be reckoned a nobleman and his lady.

But the delusion was not yet at its height. A circumstance which has lately occurred, has excited public curiosity to a wonderful degree. Joanna, whether through fraud or a deranged fancy, has thought herself to be with child; And as she asserts herself to be a pure virgin, and all her disciples are fully convinced of it, no means of unravelling the mystery offered themselves, except that of a miraculous conception. This was eagerly caught at by the poor deluded enthusiast, and as eagerly disseminated by her followers, perhaps from motives less excusable. The only circumstance really extraordinary, is the pregnancy of a female so much advanced in years, but this, though unusual, is not without precedent. To common minds the mystery, if real, would have admitted of a simple explication, and have at once overthrown all her pretensions to sanctity.—But her power was now so strongly established, she boldly asserted not only her purity, but on finding this obtain easy credence from the infatuated multitude who followed her, she published an account of the revelation by which it was made known to her that she was to be a mother. As the time elapsed, the symptoms usually attendant on pregnancy began to shew themselves. Several medical men who were consulted, confirmed the truth of her assertion; and her chapels rung with commemorations of the miracle, and promises of this wonderful child, that was so soon to make its appearance.

As the time of her delivery approached, the more opulent of her followers began to testify their faith by presents for the expected infant. Among others was a silver cup and salver, of the following description:

The cup holds about a quart; upon the salver is engraved 'Hail, Messiah, Prince of Salem!' On the lid of the cup is a dove, with an olive branch. Inscription round the rim, 'Of the increase of his government and peace there shall be no end;' on a shield on the body, 'This present was sent as a

token of love to the Prince of Peace, from a part of the believers in the divine mission of Joanna Southcott, at Bermingham.' Encircled with vine branches, is the figure of a child destroying a serpent, with the motto, 'It shall bruise thy head, then it is finished;' on the other side, a shield, with the inscription, 'and who shall receive one such little child in my name, receiveth me.' In another division, are three angels, singing praises, surrounded by rays, and the words, 'Glory to God! Alleluja, Lord God Omnipotent reigneth!' A pair of goblets accompany the cup, on one of which is inscribed,

> Then Palaces shall rise;
> The joyful Son
> Shall finish what his short-lived
> Sire began.

On the other,

> Their vines a shadow to
> Their race shall yield;
> And the same hand that sow'd
> Shall reap the field.

The engravings upon the cup are extremely well executed; and the inscriptions particularly neat, and do honour to the young artist who has been selected by the donors to ornament this beautiful gift. Other presents, to the amount of several thousand pounds, have been sent to this woman from various parts of the kingdom; particularly a splendid cot or cradle, and every requisite for the nursery.

In the mean time several of the most respectable physicians deemed it prudent to enquire into this case. Few doubts seem to have arisen as to the correctness of Joanna's conduct, and consequently of the truth of her assertions; Dr. Sims, therefore, thought it his duty to investigate the fact. The result with respect to him was, that the appearances were the result of a complaint, very uncommon indeed, whose indications resembled those of pregnancy. He has pronounced her not pregnant.

To counteract the impression likely to result from this declaration, a man of the name of Tozer, a lath-splitter by trade, who acts as chief priest to her principal chapel, vouches for the truth of the fact, as also for the certainty of Joanna's not having performed any of the acts usually deemed a necessary preliminary for entitling her to the name of mother.

The Rev. Mr. Tozer, or Towzer, for his name has been spelled both ways, has met with a more formidable antagonist in the Rev. Mr. Cottle, a boot-closer, who has openly declared himself the opposer of the doctrines of Joanna; for this purpose he set up his stool in front of her principal chapel, mounted on which he preached against her delusions, in the very hearing of her seven stars, apostles, elders, and believers. What might have been the effects of his eloquence is unknown, for the crowd became riotous, the police officers interfered, and put an end to the contention, by ordering all her chapels to be closed.

Her disciples have turned this also to their advantage. While they secretly insinuate that it is done by the interference of the Bishops, a race of men whom *believers* of all descriptions unite in preaching down, whatever may be their mutual controversies, in public it is announced by the oracular voice of the reverend lath-splitter, that the chapels are to be closed until the accouchement of the prophetess shall accomplish the prophecies, and stop the mouths of all gainsayers.

This event which, while it would have ruined the character of any other woman, is to raise Joanna to a height above all others of her sex, is announced to take place in the present month. She, in the mean time, has retired to avoid the importunate curiosity which haunted her. Her dwelling had of late been beset by prodigious crowds, composed of persons of all ranks, some of whom went to the place in their carriages. Of these many obtained admission to her preter and super-natural presence, and had the felicity of witnessing the costly preparations which were making for her *accouchement*. Various stratagems were had recourse to, to obtain this indulgence. In some cases Barons and Baronets assumed the characters of medical men, anxious to establish the truth of Joanna's prophecies, and thereby had the advantage of a close inspection of all her *curiosities*; while others did not scruple to produce forged orders from the privy council, to hold intercourse with the *Sainted Virgin*. So numerous, however, did these visitors become, and so irreverent did some of them conduct themselves, that Joanna, with a due regard to the sanctity of her own character, thought it prudent to retreat. It is said that her *accouchement* is to be so public, as to prevent the possibility of deception. We must, therefore, remain in silence till this time is past. The bubble will then burst—her disciples will be ashamed of their follies; and she herself will probably be consigned to a retirement, similar to that which has had such a happy effect on her predecessor, Brothers.

(For the Monthly Museum.)

NORTHERN ANTIQUITIES.

DESCRIPTION OF LOUGH THOMOND.

During my northern excursion I visited Lough Thomond,* (or, according to the vulgar appellation, *Lough Tamen,)* called by the ancient poets—

"Thomond's oozy lake of reeds,
"Where hawks and bitterns seek their prey."

But how changed in appearance! Its long-collected sheet of waters has ceased to wash its irregular curving heathy banks; and following the direction of art, it has

* Lough Thomond is situated in the county of Antrim, about a mile and half to the north-eastward of Portglenone, and near the little hamlet of Lisnaheensheon, on one of the estates of Earl O'Neal, and by the order of that nobleman, it was partially drained in the spring of last year, and promises to make excellent meadow. It is expected in the further draining, and transverse draining, that many more curiosities will be discovered. I think the success of this attempt should stimulate others to follow the useful example. Why should *drainable lakes* occupy the soil, which agriculture could easily convert to profitable land; and when we reflect on the state of thousands of our wretched *farmless* peasants, should we not strain every nerve to render every inch of ground, either of bog or lake, as useful as lies in our power. The government has held out an inducement to the attainment of those objects; and I think it would contribute both to our satisfaction and interest, to exert our industry in reclaiming ground from either the ocean, the bog, or the drainable lake.

wandered, like the son of ambition, from its ancient home, where grew the tall forest of reeds in its liquid bosom, round its little islet, similar to groves encompassing a handsome villa. The condensing surface begins to assume the appearance of green meadows, promising an extent of fifty acres (it is supposed) of vegetable luxuriance; and this useful tract of land has been solely won from the dominion of the watery element, by the cutting a drain of no considerable length, from the north-west extremity of the lake, and a semi-elliptic rampart on the other side, where it has poured out its unprofitable store of water, leaving in its oozy bottom immense quantities of eels. In the island, which is only of small circuit, there has been discovered the wooden frame of a house, many feet below the surface, constructed in a raft-like manner, of oak planks, or rather trees, mortised into each other; some perpendicular, forming a kind of wall, and others horizontally laid for a floor of the same timber; the workmanship appearing very rough, and coarsely executed.—Near this spot, some years since, were found several kitchen vessels, and utensils belonging to a kitchen fire, such as pot, saucepan, tongs, poker, crook, &c.; and at some distance among the reeds, the lid of an extremely large copper kettle, which, it is rightly conjectured, appertained to this solitary and lonely residence. In another part of this island, near some human bones, has also been found, a large two-edged sword, of a yard and quarter long, with a moulding on the blade, which has been of the best temper, and I should suppose, not inferior to those of Jerusalem, but the rust of time has greatly indented it round the edges. In digging the rampart, a dagger of about eighteen inches in length was afterwards discovered, much resembling a Scottish dirk. The hilt of the sword is of discoloured brass, without any ornament; and the guard, contrary to the make of gladiator's swords, is of a rounded cross of steel, rather inclined upwards from the middle towards the point, than in a straight direction; having hooks at the ends, not unlike the lower turns of the hieroglyphic of the Astronomical sign Leo (♌). This instrument is very weighty, and must have required a strong arm to wield it; and did I conceive it to correspond with the nature of your publication to gratify the public with plates of whatever is rare and curious, I should prefix pencilled drawings of the sword and dagger, and would also of another object, which for its antiquity, seems to be, of those discoveries, the greatest curiosity, a canoe, rudely grooved out of a single oak, twenty feet in length, and so wide as to admit of two or three persons to stand beside each other with ease; but it appears to me, that the unshapely figure of this inelegant antique would not afford great pleasure to the eyes of your polished readers, however curious it might be, if seen in its present state, to the antiquarian. The canoe is formed much in the same manner as those little vessels called cotts: it is nearly flat-bottomed, rounded at the ends like a boat, and by the rows of holes, it appears to have had a bank of at least four oars on each side: an oar was also found by the side of the canoe, fitted for rowing at both ends, which might partially incline one to suppose, that the boat was frequently rowed by an individual. The sword,

dagger, and canoe, are at present to be seen at the Bishop of Down's country residence at Portglenone, in the immediate possession of his eldest son, the Rev. Robert Alexander, to whose politeness I am much indebted for a sight of these curiosities of other days. Besides these, a neatly-executed small pick-axe was found at the same time, and a quantity of pieces of coal-mine, or as some imagined, silver ore, lying on the bed of the lake, where I have no doubt that useful igneous mineral abounds, were it to be sought for; and what renders this opinion the more probable is, that Lough Thomond is situated within a short distance of the Killimorris coal-mine, that may, in all likelihood, extend one of its veins as far as the lake. What an advantageous position for a coal-mine would this be—so well situated for public utility; not being more than a mile and half distant from Portglenone, from which the river Bann is navigable to the loughs Beg and Neagh, thus opening a ready communication, by the Lagan and Newry canals, to Belfast and Newry, to which towns, besides many more conveniently situated in a geographical point of view, coal could be easily and cheaply conveyed, provided leave were given by Earl O'Neal, and the task were undertaken by contractors, to dig for, and supply those towns with the article. To these hypotheses many may have objections; and when I consider the neglected state of all our national coal-mines, I may be somewhat inclined to regret stating so much on the subject; yet I will not hesitate to add, that could a proper and sufficient mine be sprung in such a place, and the mineral prove of a good quality, nothing should prevent an attempt being made, to effect a purpose, which might ultimately contribute so largely to provincial convenience.

Some pieces of the coal found in Lough Thomond, I have at present in my possession, which have all the appearance of the first strata of a coal-mine; and whether there may not be something still more precious in its nature, discoverable in the bottom of the lake, remains to be explored, as I have been informed, by those who were present, that the whole surface of the water, when gliding from it, was covered with a thick silvery mineral substance, like a rich unctious oil. In the canal or drain, opened from the lake, a great quantity of the bones of men and other animals was discovered; the teeth of the latter were of an enormous size. In the course of the work, while making the canal, the labourers came upon an old sluice or weir, many feet deep, with breast-work and side-walls, which plainly evince that some person, (it is supposed an outlaw in the time of the feudal government) lived on the island, and had formed this weir for the purpose of taking eels; or probably it might have been made for the purpose of draining off the waters of the wintry inundations from the islands; but the real cause cannot be ascertained. It has been very properly conjectured, from many corroborating circumstances, that the island, at some former period, has been the residence of some unfortunate outlawed chief; therefore, a variety of opinions are offered respecting the probability of the person who resided in this dreary seclusion.—Some say, that he was one of the clan of the O'Neals, who was reduced to the necessity of taking

refuge in the island of Lough Thomond; others will affirm, and with more probability, that he was a branch of the devoted, unfortunate Mc. Quillans, the former hereditary earls or lords of Antrim, who fled thither to shun the sanguinary barbarity of some of the M'Donnells, when, with lawless fury, they carried destruction, with fire and sword, to the distance of forty miles round the place of their landing, against this unfortunate, yet innocent family, and all their vassals and adherents; thus, by persecution and cruelty, wading through blood to a title, which honour, humanity, and legal right denied them. I should beg pardon of the present family, descendants of that illustrious house, for treading so heavily on the dust of their ancestors; but as many generations have passed away since that fatal epoch, the crimes of their fathers, even with scriptural strictness of rigour, cannot be possibly visited on their heads; as more than six ages have since elapsed; consequently the guilt, so far as relates to the present family, must be entirely done away; vengeance must have long previously been satisfied, and those ladies, the now hereditary descendants of the Scottish M'Donnells, may rise like so many *phœnixes* from the corrupt blood-stained ashes of their merciless ancestors. This opinion, relative to the mysterious recluse of Lough Thomond being a Mc. Quillan, in consequence of the above facts, seems very reasonable, and by no means improbable; and as none of the present generation can contradict, much less deny, what is advanced on this head, neither shall I attempt to controvert its authenticity. I have only to add, that according to the ancient bards, Lough Thomond, and the adjacent country, have been much spoken of. In a very old epic poem, (scarcely known at present) now in my possession, and never yet published, called the "*Druid's grave*," particular mention is made of "Blasseur," or more poetically, "Blassevin," "Thomond's lake;" and the very situation of the Druid "Salbhor's tomb;" therefore, for the gratification of my readers, I shall quote some stanzas from the piece:

"Near Thomond's oozy lake of reeds,
"Where hawks and bitterns seek their prey.
"The wild-deer of the forest feeds,
"On Salbhor's lonely house of clay.

"A hill ascends above the plains,
"Its dwelling is the haunt of roes:
"There rest the Druid's cold remains,
"There Salbhor's relics long repose.

"Blassevin's broad-leafed oaks surround
"The dwelling of the hoary sage;
"And there, above the heaving ground,
"Twelve stones erect their heads of age." * * * *

The place of the "Druid's grave" is marked by twelve stones, placed in regular order, which may still be seen on a little hill, rising on the declivity of Blasseur, southward of the lake, where the feet of the antiquarian has probably seldom trod. Some of your readers may say, that these are matters of minor importance to the antiquary, and to the public in general; but with all due deference to the public opinion, I must aver as mine, that the Irish antiquarian has been too supine for research, and over negligent in investigating the use or end of the thousands or ten thousands of objects that are passed without attention or observation, in every part of Ireland, thus affording the sister country a pretext for declaring, "that we have

no *real vestiges* of ancient grandeur." What will the learned members of the Royal Irish Academy say to this? Will they—or can they deny it? If so, it is high time for them to look to themselves—their honour and patriotism are both at stake!—There is much to be done—from their undertaking there has been much expected, but little realised. The odium of the above remark particularly devolves on them, and not on solitary individuals, who have never had the honour of being enrolled as members of that society, whose object was truly national and noble.—Hints have been thrown out to them lately, by some writer, that the islands on the coast of Connaught abound in the monuments, fragments, and relics of antiquity. But why do I direct their attention to that remote quarter, when the whole face of the country seems one vast volume of unexpounded hieroglyphics—a wide spread geographical page of unadmired, yet highly interesting curiosities, both natural and artificial. This, I must acknowledge, is the province of Ireland that least abounds in monuments of antiquity; yet, of such, it is by no means barren; but its features are less marked with the hoary beauties of other times. This, I hope, will plead my apology with the public, for attempting to arrest their attention with less interesting objects than many which may readily and easily be found in the other three provinces: "where much is given, much will be required;" but where little can be found, little can only be expected; meanwhile I take my leave—perhaps my next may be more interesting, as I intend to rake up the ashes of an old monastery, to furnish matter for my third essay on Northern antiquities. I remain, sir, with much respect,

ULTONIUS.

Coleraine, 29th July, 1814.

REMARKS ON THE DOMESTIC HABITS AND MODE OF WORSHIP OF THE GERMAN MORAVIANS.

By Madame La Baronne de Staël Holstein.

THERE is, perhaps, too much liberty in the Protestant profession to satisfy the religious austerity that is apt to seize on men, oppressed by great misfortunes; at times, also, even in the midst of the usual occurrences of life, this world, with its hopes, and fears, and delusions, suddenly vanishes from the sight, and we feel ourselves, in the midst of its bustle, as in a ball-room, where we cannot hear the music. Every action we behold appears absurd; a kind of meditative apathy equally seizes on the Bramin and the Savage, when the former, by the power of thought, the latter by that of ignorance, passes entire days in silent contemplations on destiny. The only activity the mind then exerts is that which has the divine worship for its object. We love to direct all our actions to our eternal interests. This is the disposition which gives convents their attraction, and overcomes the repugnance that their severe restrictions and many inconveniencies must otherwise excite.

The Moravian societies are Protestant convents, originating in the religious enthusiasm of the North of Germany, which gave rise to

them about an hundred years ago. But though the rules of the association are as strict as in a Catholic convent, the principles are more liberal: here is no vow; all is voluntary: the sexes are not kept apart; marriage is not interdicted; yet the whole society may be called ecclesiastical: every thing is done by religion and for religion. The authority of the church governs this community of christians; but it is a church without priests, in which the sacerdotal office is exercised in turn by the members most noted for their virtue and religion.

The men and women, before marriage, live separate from each other in halls, where the most perfect equality is established. The entire day is occupied by labours; the same employs all ranks. The idea of a providence, ever present, directs all the actions of the Moravians' life.

When a young man wishes to select a companion for life, he addresses himself to the superintendant of the unmarried women, or of the widows, and asks for her he wishes to espouse. Lots are drawn in church, to determine whether she should be given him or not; should it be unfavourable, he desists from his claim. The Moravians are so habituated to resignation, that no resistance is ever made to this decision; and as they see one another only at church, the sacrifice costs them but little.—This method of deciding on such a solemn point as matrimony, as well as on many other circumstances of life, strongly indicates the principle of Moravian worship. Instead of confining themselves simply to a submission to the will of heaven, they persuade themselves that they can discover its decrees either by inspiration, or what is still stranger, by an appeal to chance. Obedience, and the succession of events, disclose the ways of God towards man; why then endeavour to investigate them by means not granted?

In other respects we may generally observe among the Moravians those evangelical manners which must have existed among christian communities in the time of the apostles. Neither extravagant dogmas, nor rigid forms, are the bonds of association; the gospel is interpreted in the most easy and clearest manner; but they adhere scrupulously to the consequences arising from this gospel, and their conduct in every respect harmonizes with its religious principles. The Moravian settlements serve, above all, as a proof that the spirit of Protestantism, in its greatest simplicity, can lead man to the greatest austerity of practice, and the most enthusiastic sentiments of religion: Death and immortality, well understood, are sufficient to engage and guide our whole existence.

I was some time ago at Dintendorf, a small village near Erfurt, where a Moravian fraternity was settled. The village is three leagues from any high road; it is situated on the borders of a rivulet, between two mountains; willows and lofty poplars surround it: the whole appearance of the country presents that calm and soothing aspect, that prepares the soul to withdraw from the agitation of the world. The houses and streets display the most scrupulous neatness; the women all dressed alike, conceal their hair, and bind their heads up with ribbons, whose colours indicate the distinction of virgin, matron, or widow: the men are dressed in brown, somewhat like the quakers. A mercantile industry occupies all;

but no noise is heard throughout the village. Every one attends to his work with regularity and silence; the internal action of religion quells every other emotion.

The unmarried women and widows live together in a large dormitory, where each of them, in turn, sits up all night to pray, and attend to any that may be suddenly attacked by illness. The unmarried men live in the same manner. Thus he who is unprovided with natural connections, lives in the midst of a large family, and the name of brother and sister is the mutual title of address among these christians.

In place of bells, an harmonious concert of wind-instruments invites the inhabitants to assemble for divine worship. In walking to church to the sound of this affecting music, the soul feels elevated above the earth; we might almost fancy them the trumpets of the last great day, not such as remorse has taught itself to dread, but such as a pious confidence encourages to hope. It seems as if divine mercy revealed itself in this invitation to God, by pronouncing the pardon that raises us to a new existence.

The church was decorated with white roses and flowers of hawthorn. Painting was not banished from this temple; and music was studied as constituting part of the service; nothing was sung but psalms: there was no sermon, no mass, no arguments, no theological discussion; it was the worship of God in spirit and in truth. The women, all robed in white, were ranged side by side, without any distinction whatever. They appeared like innocent shades, prepared to appear before the tribunal of the divinity.

The burial ground of the Moravians is a garden, whose walks are marked by grave-stones, beside each of which is planted a flowering shrub. All these stones are alike; none of the shrubs rise above the others, and the same epitaph serves for all the dead.—*He was born on such a day, and on such a day he returned to his country.* How beautiful an expression to mark the limit of our life. The ancients said, *he has lived*, thus throwing a veil over the tomb, to conceal the feelings it arouses.—The christian places on its summit the morning star of hope.

On Easter-day, divine service is celebrated in the burial-ground situate close to the church; the resurrection is proclaimed in the midst of the sepulchres. Every one present at this act of worship, knows the stone that is to stand upon his coffin, and inhales the odour of the tree whose leaves and flowers are to fall upon his tomb. Thus have we seen, in modern times, a whole army assisting at its own funeral rites, repeating for itself the service of the dead, in full confidence that it was about to conquer immortality.*

The Moravian community cannot be applied to the system of social order in which we move; but as for some time it has been frequently repeated, that the Ca-

* Saragossa presented the wonderful scene to which I have alluded, without daring to point it out more clearly. An aid-de-camp of the French general came to propose terms of capitulation; the commander of the Spanish troops led him into the public square, where he saw the church and all the neighbouring buildings hung with black, and the soldiers and officers on their knees, listening to the SERVICE FOR THE DEAD. In fact, very few of these heroes are yet alive, and most of the inhabitants of the town have participated in the fate of their protectors.

tholic worship alone speaks to the imagination, it is but just to remark, that what really excites the soul in religion, is common to all christian churches. A sepulchre and prayer draws forth the whole of the affections; the more simple the creed, the more interesting the emotion.

(For the Monthly Museum.)

IRISH DOOMSDAY BOOK.

In a statistical account of the parish of Aghaboe, in the Queen's County, drawn up by Dr. Ledwich, the Irish Antiquarian, at the request of the Royal Irish Academy, and since reprinted, to serve as a model for the clergy to draw up their parochial reports for the statistical account of Ireland, now publishing by Wm. Shaw Mason, Esq.* there is the following paragraph:

"There are strong presumptions, arising from the Irish topography of Giraldus Cambrensis, written about 1185, and from other incontrovertible evidences, that a rude survey of Ireland was made by Henry II. in imitation of Doomsday book. Giraldus, speaking of the ancient regal divisions of Ireland into five portions, observes, that each part contained thirty-two cantreds (or hundreds)—When we reflect on the technical word he uses, we may be assured, that some degree of accuracy was attended to; for every cantred contained thirty-two townlands, and every townland eight carrucates."

This ingenious conjecture has been lately strongly corroborated by the discovery of a document, which the inquiry into the state of the public records, now in operation, has brought to light. The following account of it is extracted from the volume of the statistical survey of Ireland, just published:

"In one of the returns from the King's Remembrancer of the Exchequer, at Westminster, made to a select committee of the British house of commons, appointed in the year 1800, to inquire into the state of the public records, the following extract is to be found, respecting a census or doomsday book for Ireland. "Numerous accounts of the treasurer in Ireland, and of the Chamberlain of the Exchequer of Dublin, in the reign of Edw. I. and subsequent reigns.—These accounts were passed in the Exchequer of England.

"A record compiled in the reign of Edw. I. and intituled, "Status scaccarii Dublin in Hibernia talis invenitur;" it treats of the officers of the exchequer, their salaries, the business, and of records; and mentions that a certain great book, called Doomsday, had, for want of care, been burnt with other records.

"The account given in the record of this circumstance, is as follows:

"Memorandum, quod illud quod erat de bono ad evidentiam feodorum et jurium regis, ac quorundum privilegiorum et memorandorum in scaccario fuerat in quodam magno libro qui vocabatur Domesday; et ille liber asportabatur in

* The first volume of this work has been published this month; see monthly list of publications.

castro per Henricum de Ponte, Clericum Justic. posito dicto libro extra Thes. ad caput lecti sui, per ignem et malam custodiam cum aliis q. debuerunt remansisse in Thes. succendebatur, et sic, ut dixit Dominus Justic. quod multa brevia sua de libertate ibidem portata per dictum H. combusta fuerint.

TRANSLATION.

Memorandum, that whatever was serviceable as evidence of the fees and rights of the king, and of sundry privileges and memoranda, had been in the Exchequer in a certain great book, which was called Domesday; and that book was carried in the camp by Henry de Ponte, the Justice's clerk, the said book being placed without the Treasury, at the head of his bed, was burnt by fire through negligence, with others, which ought to have remained in the Treasury; and thus, as the Lord Justice has said, many briefs concerning his rights, carried in the same place, were burned by the said Henry.

(To the Editor of the Monthly Museum.)

SIR,

THE following account of the comparative population of Great Britain, at several periods, will, I hope, be pleasing to some of your readers, who interest themselves in inquiries of this nature. It is to be regretted, that we are not supplied with means of exhibiting similar tables relative to our own country, by the Irish parliament instituting a census at stated times, as has been done in the British.—However, a commencement has been made by the Imperial parliament, in the population act of the last session; and we may expect that future statesmen will follow the example. It is also to be regretted, that owing to the inattention of several grand juries throughout Ireland, some counties have sent in no returns, and in others, they have been executed so carelessly, as to make the result very doubtful. I am, sir, with best wishes for your publication, your's,

G. G.

The population of England and Wales, from the year 1700 to 1811, when the last census was made, is as follows:

1700	5,475,000	1780	7,953,000
1710	5,240,000	1785	8,016,000
1720	5,565,000	1790	8,675,000
1730	5,786,000	1795	9,055,000
1740	5,064,000	1801	9,168,000
1750	6,467,000	1805-6	9,828,000
1760	6,736,000	1811	10,488,000
1770	7,428,000		

The following table gives a more exact summary of the population, as ascertained by the census of 1801 and 1811. It also extends throughout the whole island:

	POPULATION, 1801.			POPULATION, 1811.			
	Males.	Females.	Total.	Males.	Females	Total.	Increase.
England	3,987,936	4,343,499	8,331,434	4,555,257	4,944,143	9,499,400	1,167,966
Wales	257,178	284,368	541,546	289,414	317,966	607,380	65,834
Scotland	734,581	864,487	1,599,068	825,377	979,487	1,804,864	208,180
Army, Navy, &c.	470,598		470,598	640,500		640,500	169,902
	5,450,293	5,492,354	10,942,646	6,310,548	6,241,596	12,552,144	1,611,882

The following table contains a summary of the comparative population of London, from 1700 to 1811, somewhat more than a century:

THE METROPOLIS.	POPULATION.			
	1700	1750	1801	1811
1. City of London, *within* the walls	139,300	87,000	78,000	57,700
2. City of London, *without* the walls	69,000	57,500	56,800	68,000
3. City and Liberties of Westminster	130,000	156,000	165,000	168,600
4. Out-parishes, within the bills of mortality	326,900	357,600	477,700	593,700
5. Parishes, not within the bills of mortality	9,150	22,350	123,000	162,000
Total,	674,350	676,250	900,000	1,050,000

OBSERVATIONS.

1. The walls of the ancient city of London included a space, now in the middle of the metropolis, about one mile and a half in length, from east to west, and rather more than half a mile in breadth. The population has diminished above three-fifths since the beginning of the last century, many streets having been widened, and public buildings and ware-houses erected, whereby the number of inhabitants has been lessened.

2. The city of London without the walls is an extension of the same ancient city, and is subject to the same jurisdiction.

3. The city of Westminster, once an episcopal see, and now the seat of government, adjoins the city of London, extending westward.

4. The appellation of the *out-parishes* is taken from the London bills of mortality, which were first used in the year 1592, and, from 1603, have been kept in regular series. These bills were intended to afford timely notice of any alarming increase of the plague, from which London was then seldom free. But the crowded part of the city was purified in the memorable conflagration of 1666.—In the preceding year, 68,596 persons had died of the plague, which has since entirely disappeared.—The bills of mortality purpose to exhibit the number of christenings and burials, but are not to be relied on for the full number of either. The five Southwark parishes are here reckoned among the out-parishes.

5. A few parishes, now forming part of the metropolis, have not yet been brought within the bills of mortality. The rapid increase of the population of this district, since the beginning of the last century, shews how rapidly the metropolis encreases in extent, although its population has not increased so fast as that of the kingdom in general. In 1700, the metropolis contained almost an eighth part of the population of England and Wales; in 1750, above a tenth part; at present, rather less than that proportion.

6. Objections may be made to the propriety of the limits of the metropolis here assumed; it may, therefore, be right to add, that the total population of all the parishes whose churches are within a circle extending eight miles round St. Paul's cathedral, amounts to one million two hundred and twenty thousand.

7. The mortality of the metropolis in 1700, was one in twenty-five; in 1750, one in twenty-one; in 1801 (and the four preceding years), one in thirty-five; since that, only one in thirty-eight; thus shewing a gradual improvement in the health of the metropolis, to a large amount; but it was to be expected, that the extension of population over a larger space than formerly, would have had this salutary effect.

I am, sir, your's,
PHIL. ANTIQUE.

Sept. 1, 1814.

Social Economy, and the Useful Arts.

ON THE STATE OF PUBLIC EDUCATION IN IRELAND.

HIBERNIAN SCHOOL FOR SOLDIER'S CHILDREN.

This school was incorporated by letters patent in 1769, by the name of the Hibernian Society in Dublin, for maintaining, educating, and apprenticing the orphans and children of soldiers for ever. A new charter was granted in 1788, empowering the governors to place in the regular army, as private soldiers, in such corps as from time to time his Majesty shall please to appoint (but with their own free consent) the orphans and children of soldiers in Ireland for ever.

The school, to which a farm of about 19 acres is attached, is in the Phœnix park, about three miles distance from the castle of Dublin. The number of children on the establishment in 1809 amounted to 300 boys and 150 girls. They are admissible between the age of seven and twelve (though in some cases of peculiar distress, they are received still younger) and must be the children of non-commissioned officers or soldiers of the line in actual service, or of soldiers deceased, or reduced, or removed to foreign service. In the selection, preference is given, first, to orphans; second, to those whose fathers have been killed, or have died on foreign service; third, to those who have lost their mothers, and whose fathers are absent on foreign duty abroad; fourth, to those whose parents are ordered on foreign service, or whose parents have other children to maintain.

Of the 300 boys at present in the school, 50 of the youngest are under the care of a mistress, a female being considered as most competent to manage children of so tender an age: the remainder are divided into five nearly equal portions, distributed among the same number of masters, each of whom having his division previously subdivided into convenient classes, with a monitor over each, instructs the boys in spelling with explanation, reading, writing, and arithmetic, and catechisms suitable to the age and capacity of each boy; the chaplain, who is constantly in one or other of the schools, besides examining from time to time the progress made by the boys under each master, respectively, in the different branches of education, has a class consisting of about thirty boys, composed of detachments from each school, which he lectures in the holy scriptures. The boys are kept alternately at labour and instruction; two classes of the stronger boys,

about 60 in number, are employed in learning the trades of tayloring and shoemaking, but attend the schools for instruction one hour and a half during the early part of the day. The same number, and of a similar description, attend alternately to instruction and agriculture, three days in the week being alternately assigned to each; in the last year, 28 of them, with the assistance of a gardener and two labourers, cultivated 19 acres under garden and farm, which produced not only an abundant supply of potatoes, cabbage, turnips, and other vegetables, for the use of the schools, but also a surplus for sale.

The course of instruction for the female children is similar to that of the boys, except that part of their time is necessarily employed in works suitable to their sex; they are taught to make their own clothes, and to knit and mend stockings for themselves and the boys; they make up all the linen for the institution, and assist in doing the house business.

The expence of clothing a boy is estimated at £2 16 0, of a girl at £2 19 0, and the diet of each at £7 4 7. The children are apprenticed at the age of 14, or upwards, the males to taylors, weavers, smiths, and as servants; the females to mantua-makers, glovers, ribband-weavers, &c.

The income of this institution is very fluctuating; the return for the year 1809 amounted to about £1095, besides a parliamentary grant, which in the last eight years has increased from £4341 to £14,508. The expenditure has latterly been considerably within the income.

The governors have lately endeavoured to excite a military spirit in the school. The officers, masters, and assistants, are distinguished by military appellations; the classes, called companies, are regularly drilled, perform all their evolutions by beat of drum, and are encouraged to amuse themselves in running, leaping, and such other exercises, as produce agility of body, and firmness of nerves.—It is, however, to be observed, that on leaving the school few prefer a military life; their parents universally advise a trade, which may give them the means of a decent maintenance, in preference to their enlisting as a soldier.

In decency of manners, the children are not inferior to those of any other public institution; while in the appearance of health and vigour, they possess a decided superiority, proceeding, no doubt, from the attention paid to their bodily improvement.

IRISH EVANGELICAL SOCIETY.

Prospectus of a Plan for establishing an Academy for the Education of Students for the Ministry.

The blessings of the gospel are the most valuable possessed by man. Without these, his wealth is worse than useless, his pleasures are poor and insipid, and all his hopes are bounded by earth and time. He is the slave of passions which he does not even wish to be controlled, and he becomes the victim of that misery which depravity must ensure; misery which always follows guilt as its shadow,

and which at the termination of the present life, will admit neither of remedy, nor of alleviation.

"The gospel of the blessed God," is light to dispel this darkness, mercy to pardon this guilt, energy to remove this depravity, and heavenly benevolence to heal this woe. The power and extent of its grace are its chief and distinguishing features. This forms the glory of its character, and if removed, "it is shorn of its beams."

On the happy land of Britain this light long since arose, and it has cheered with its rays millions on their way to a happier world. He that blessed her, has "made her a blessing." Great as she is, in her wealth, in her power, in her liberty, in the extent of her dominion, and in her rank and influence amongst the nations of Europe—she is greater still, as inheriting the spirit of the apostolic age, in seeking to evangelize all the nations of the earth. Every quarter of the globe has been visited by her benevolence, and human beings of every colour and of every clime have partaken of her bounty. The Hottentots of Caffraria, and the idolaters of Hindostan, taught by her influence and example, have renounced their brutality, and their idols, and now offer spiritual sacrifices through him who died upon the cross.

The resources of the churches of Britain, and their exertions, increase with every year, and the fire of their zeal glows with a more tremulous, but with a loftier, and a brighter flame. The streams of their benevolence widen as they flow, and they will never stay in their course, until they shall have reached and fertilized every land.

With undiverted attention, and unimpaired energy, they have sought the salvation of the Heathen, but their zeal has been proportionate for the spiritual improvement of their native country. There the fruits of "their labours of love" abundantly appear, and promise a glorious harvest unto life eternal.

Ireland, with fewer advantages, has trodden in the steps of her illustrious sister, and in a considerable degree has imbibed her spirit. In many different channels her liberality has been taught to flow. To her sympathy wretchedness never appeals in vain. She has brought intellect, rank, wealth, and tenderness to cast into the treasury of the gospel. Her asylum for deserted infancy, and neglected childhood; for guilt repenting of its crimes, and for age bowed down with the additional pressure of want; prove that she can strongly feel, and generously relieve. Her public schools will rescue thousands from ignorance, the fruitful parent of vice, and the Hibernian Bible Society is justly her boast and her glory.

Yet with all these causes of gladness and exultation, the moral and religious state of Ireland presents a gloomy picture to the philanthropist, and to the christian.—The grossest ignorance, the most baleful superstition, and the most alarming violations of social order prevail. In no country throughout Europe will there be found greater ignorance, with all her hateful progeny.

With high raised expectations of the happy influence of existing societies, we consider them inadequate to the removal of the evils we deplore. It is the preaching of the gospel of Jesus Christ alone that is equal to the mighty task.—This is the instrument prescribed

by the "only wise God, even our Saviour," for the renovation of the moral world. Its adaptation is without controversy. There is no degradation of the human character which it cannot elevate; no bands of superstition which it cannot burst, no depths of misery which it cannot fathom, nor any state of mental slavery which it cannot redeem. It "is the power of God to salvation to every one that believeth."

Other plans have failed, or have only been partially successful.—This has never been fairly tried in this country. Let the trial be made, and we are confident of the result; "not by might, nor by power, but by my spirit, saith the Lord."

Impressed with these sentiments, a society has been formed, entitled, The Irish Evangelical Society, the plan of which we now enclose, and in whose behalf we plead. We request your countenance and support. It is a work of difficulty, and we need your counsel; of expense, and we solicit your pecuniary aid; of vast importance, and we hope for the influence of your character. To its object, which is defined in its plan, we cannot even suppose you to be indifferent, viewing you as the friend of your country, or in the higher character of a christian. The liberality on which it is founded, we hope will entitle it to your warmest regard. Every thing sectarian it disclaims. Forms and modes of worship, it views as things of minor importance, and its only design is to make known the glorious gospel. Its desire is to unite in the bonds of sacred harmony, and zealous co-operation, the disciples of Christ of every name, who, forgetting inferior considerations, shall study to make known throughout our beloved country "the unsearchable riches of Christ." In this state of imperfection, it would be too much to expect that such a society should escape misrepresentation and censure, but we request you to examine and judge for yourself. From ignorance, from selfishness, and from intolerance, we expect no support. Wilful ignorance is not to be convinced by argument, few motives will induce the selfish to feel for others, and bigotry considers modes and forms far more important than the salvation of immortal souls. "But we hope better things of you," and we address you with confidence.—"Come with us to the help of the Lord, against the mighty." Give this cause your sanction, devote to it a portion of your substance, and aid it with your prayers; it will afford you satisfaction in the future scenes of life, and even in the agonies of death it will excite no regret that you have been zealous in such a cause.

In this, as in many other benelent exertions, England has set us the example. Let us not be more indifferent to the welfare of our country, than our brethren at a distance from us. Let us be workers together with them, and we shall see the "pleasure of the Lord prosper in our hands." The gospel will effect that which high authority has not accomplished, and which penal laws have attempted in vain—the diffusion of religious knowledge, the establishment of social order, and the extension of all the tender charities of life.—Ireland will become, from motive and from principle, what she has hitherto been only in name—THE ISLAND OF SAINTS.

At a meeting of persons of various religious denominations, held in York-street chapel, Dublin, on Thursday, August 18, 1814, Richard Phayre, Esq. in the chair, it was resolved—

1. That this meeting has perceived with much pleasure, that a society has been recently formed, by christians of different denominations in England, called the Irish Evangelical Society, for the purpose of making the gospel more fully known in this country.

2. That this meeting, attached to England by every natural, moral, and religious affection, is anxious to participate with the christians of that country in all their religious exertions.

3. That it will, therefore, most cheerfully unite in the formation of a society, to co-operate with the friends of the gospel in England, in their endeavours to diffuse more generally the knowledge of divine truth throughout this country.

4. That the Society be denominated the Irish Evangelical Society.

5. That the object of this society be, to promote the preaching of the gospel in Ireland, by maintaining an evangelical academy for the education of native and other students, and by assisting pastors and itinerant preachers in the various and important labours of the christian ministry.

6. That any minister making an annual collection, or any individual subscribing one guinea per annum, shall be a member of the society; and that any person subscribing ten guineas at one time, shall be a member for life.

A treasurer, secretaries, and committee, are also named.

The donations already received amount to £260, and the annual subscription to £80 and upwards.

PARISH BANK.

The following account of a plan for the laudable object of encouraging industry and economy among the poor, is introduced as an example highly worthy of being adopted in this country:

The Ruthwell parish bank was founded in May, 1810, and during that period a sum has been accumulated, amounting to £760. which is safely lodged in the office of the British Linen Company in Dumfries, and for which 5 per cent. per annum is allowed. The principle on which this useful society is established, is extremely simple, and well adapted for the accomplishment of its object. It merely presents facilities which could not otherwise be obtained, for laying up very small sums with security and profit, and thus offers strong encouragement to habits of industry and saving amongst the labouring classes, which cannot fail to be highly beneficial. The manner in which this is effected is as follows: A governor, five directors, and a treasurer, are appointed, under the superintendance of a standing committee and a general meeting.—The governor and treasurer attend every Saturday, when the books are opened for the receipt of payments, and when any sum not less than sixpence, is received as a deposit, and entered to the credit of the contributor. No interest, however, is allowed on any sum less than one pound, or any odd shil-

lings and sixpences. The money lodged at any time may be reclaimed with interest, at the rate of four per cent.; but five per cent. compound interest is, under the following circumstances, allowed to such as chuse to withdraw their money, after having been members for three years, or upwards, viz.

1st. On the eve of marriage.

2d. When they shall have obtained the age of fifty-six.

3d. In case of sickness, when a weekly allowance may be made proportioned to their wants, and to the amount of their contributions.

4th. If from any other cause, the directors or committee, or general meeting, shall consider the possession of the money advantageous to those demanding it.

As five per cent. is allowed by the bank on the whole funds, it is evident from this statement, that there may be a small annual sum of surplus interest; this, along with the contributions of the charitable, (after paying incidental expences, such as books, &c.) forms a fund to be applied for the purpose of giving premiums to regular contributors, when they shall have more than four children born after they began to contribute, or for affording them relief when they shall become incapable of labour, &c.

It will be observed, that the scheme is so contrived as to make it the interest of the contributors to continue their money in the fund till it accumulate, without, however, preventing them from withdrawing it when they may think proper. They have a right, at all times, to demand the common bank interest of four per cent. whilst they become entitled to much more advantageous terms, under particular circumstances. The intention and obvious tendency of the whole scheme are to offer a bribe to the idle to become industrious, in which respect its operation is directly the reverse of poor rates, which, though well intended, have proved to be nothing less than a bribe to the industrious to become idle. The society of gentlemen in Edinburgh, which have been so laudably and so successfully employed in suppressing public begging, and in devising means for supporting the poor, without having recourse to poor rates, have expressed the sense they entertain of the utility of parish banks, by adopting a plan founded on the same principle.

AGRICULTURAL EDUCATION.*

SIR,

It is a common course amongst farmers in Ireland, at very considerable expense and trouble, to educate their sons for the liberal professions, which are greatly overstocked, instead of rearing them for their own particular pursuit, and this in the hope of obtaining provision for them, through often an imaginary interest, and under the general impression that there is something *peculiarly* liberal, gentlemanly, and exalted, in the learn-

* This department of our Magazine is peculiarly devoted to diffuse instruction.—When, therefore, we can draw any useful hints from other sources, we do not hesitate to publish them, in hopes of bestowing on them a greater circulation, by means of this Miscellany. For this reason, we gladly embrace the opportunity of extracting, from that valuable weekly paper, the Irish Farmer's Journal, the present essay containing many useful suggestions, directed to a most valuable body of men, the Farmers of Ireland.

ed professions. That in the cultivation of mind preparatory to a course of action, which the intelligent and conscientious make subservient to the good of the community, there is true elevation, no person will deny, but it still remains to be proved, that agriculture, liberally and scientifically followed up, is not to all intents and purposes as *liberal* a pursuit, as either divinity, physic, or law, conferring upon its professor as deservedly the title of a gentleman, and raising him to an equal level in the scale of society; till this point is ascertained, no father can be said to act unjustly by his child, who prepares him ultimately for the pursuits of husbandry, through the medium of an approved school, and if he can afford it, a college education; which, it must be observed of our own university, would be much more useful and complete, if, as in Edinburgh, it ranked amongst its teachers a professor of agriculture—every other branch of learning has its professors there, and the minds of the pupils are, or ought to be disciplined and directed to their respective callings, while agriculture is left without a guide, a pursuit eminently necessary to be understood on philosophical and scientific principles, and which, from the want of early and methodized instruction, is still in its infancy. Parents should, however, supply these deficiencies by their own exertions; in Scotland and in England, the sons of wealthy and respectable men are placed under the guidance, and sometimes apprenticed to respectable agriculturists, and qualified to render themselves independent, and their country prosperous, by an occupation which is calculated to cherish and employ the fairest of the human virtues. Fortitude and industry, perseverance and patience, are required to undertake and execute the important labours of the field, while the mind is perpetually excited to look up for the co-operation of heaven, and to express its gratitude for the favours of that power and goodness, which clothes the fields with verdure, and gives to the harvest its encrease.

But agriculture is calculated not merely to exercise the virtues, but the talents of man. To know the nature and properties of vegetable productions, to distinguish their peculiar habits, to understand what applications are proper both to promote the growth of the useful, and to discourage the noxious, to determine the seasons, soils, and circumstances, suitable for all such applications; to be well informed in the natural history of the animal creation, so as to foster the animals useful to man, and guard against the depredations of such as are injurious, are studies sufficient to give full scope to the intellectual powers; and these are requisite to form an accomplished husbandman.

There is a prejudice prevalent with respect to agriculture, which has deterred many parents from combining liberal knowledge with the practical information essential to the pursuit, and the common cant is to insinuate, that to know any more than the mere routine, exalts a man above his business, and influences him to devote that time to reading books, and constructing theories, which he should spend between the handles of the plough; but this is to misrepresent the usual effects of mental improvement, which sharpens ingenuity, and promotes industry, by opening new views, and extending the field of enterprise, and when

combined with good sense and prudence, corrects prejudices, and limits extravagant expectations. If a man knows only as much of soils and manures as Kirwan teaches him, he will be cured of the obstinacy in which many illiterate farmers indulge, and only sow his crops upon the land that is suited to them. If he is acquainted with the rudiments of chymistry, he will make a more proper choice in stock than his ignorant neighbour; he will know that the larger and deeper the chest or cavity of the lungs is in black cattle, the greater certainty there is of their speedily fattening, because when flesh and fat are analyzed, they are found to contain a certain quantity of azote, which is discoverable neither in grass nor water, but in the atmosphere, seven parts in ten of the air that is respired being azote. If he is skilled in mechanics, he will no longer waste the strength of his cattle by compelling them to work with clumsy and ill-constructed machines. But it would be as vain as it would be tedious to enumerate the instances in which knowledge may be essentially useful, and as to a real love of literature, it will be hardly averred that it has ever done mischief. If there be any thing that more especially prevents the abuse of time it is reading—it not only withdraws a man from vice, but makes it odious to him; no man that is blessed with any tincture of learning, will listen patiently to the drivellings of infidelity, the sallies of blasphemy, or the inflammatory stimulus of party politics; he will be less inclined to consume his health and his substance in cockfighting and whiskey punch, when he has a never failing resource in books of instruction and entertainment; and home will become delightful to him, as the source from whence he derives his peace, comfort, and respectability.

An education, therefore, which would at once combine not only the practice, but something of the philosophy of agriculture, with as much literature as would lay the foundation of a correct taste, is that which will be found most useful to the farmer; they are both perfectly compatible, and easily attainable, if parents will consent to sacrifice a little time and money to the acquirement; nor will the task infringe materially upon either leisure or income. Much may be communicated orally, and a father has only to make himself acquainted with the different objects that surround him, to communicate the knowledge to his son; and this without either the solemnity of a lecture, or the parade of an apparatus. Children are naturally inclined to ask questions, and if their curiosity is turned into a right channel, a great deal of information may be conveyed through the medium of conversation during an hour's walk; the turn of the boy's mind will be thus also discovered, and may prepare him for, and incline him to his intended destination.

Such a system would enrich the country with a description of men, who of all others would be capable of giving an impulse to industry, and of calming those differences which are unfortunately but too prevalent; they would fill up the space which exists between the very rich and the very poor, and reconcile the extremes of power and dependance—they would form, in a word, that middle class which is the true cement of society, and without which there is neither security nor social happiness.

L.

Literature, Science, and the Fine Arts.

CRITICAL CATALOGUE OF NEW BOOKS.

Waverley; or, 'Tis Six'y Years Since. 3 vols. 12mo. pp. 1000. James Ballantyne, and Co. Edinburgh. 1814.

(Continued from page 230.)

A short passage carried them across the lake, to the point where the light had first shewn itself.—The boat now approached the shore, and Waverley could discover that this large fire, amply supplied with branches of pine wood by two figures, who, in the red reflection of its light, appeared like demons, was kindled in the jaws of a lofty cavern, into which an inlet from the lake seemed to advance. The skiff passed the little point or platform, on which the fire was blazing, and stopped where the cavern ascended from the water by five or six broad ledges of rock, so easy and natural, that they might almost be termed steps. At this moment the light, which had hitherto guided them, was suddenly quenched; and the Englishman was conducted in darkness, till the lights of the pine torches that illuminated the interior of the cavern, introduced him to another new and singular scene. Around a charcoal fire were seated five or six Highlanders, while others were indistinctly seen couched in their plaids, in the interior recesses of the cavern. In one large aperture, which the robber facetiously called his spence, or pantry, were hung by the heels the carcases of a sheep or ewe, and two cows lately slaughtered. The principal resident soon appeared; he was of a thin and light stature, with sandy hair and pale features, whence he was usually known by the name of Donald Bean, or Donald the white.—He had served in some inferior capacity in the French army, and meaning to pay his visitor a compliment, had exchanged the native dress of his country, for an old blue and red uniform, and a feathered hat, which, united with the insignificance of the figure that wore it, and contrasted with those around him, rendered him an object rather of ridicule than respect.

He received Waverley with a profusion of French politeness and Scotch hospitality, placing him by his side at a supper, where plenty was but little aided by the elegance of the service or attendance. During the conversation which ensued, he entered deeply into the political and military state of the country, and appeared accurately acquainted with the military force of the English, in all the northern parts of Scotland. He even mentioned the exact number of recruits that had joined Waverley's troop, from his uncle's estate, and observed, that they were *pretty* men, meaning by this expression, not handsome, but stout warlike fellows.—When the rest of his attendants, whom he had honoured with a seat at the supper table, had retired, Donald asked his guest, in a very significant manner, whether he had nothing particular to say to him, and seemed much surprised and hurt, on receiving an answer in the negative. They now prepared to rest. A bed of heath with the flowers uppermost, was prepared for the stranger, where, protected from the chills of night by as many spare

plaids as could be collected, he had time to survey the scene around him unobserved, until closed by a sleep, which the journey of the preceding day prolonged so far, that the morning sun was high on the lake without, before he discovered that it was morning.

On rising he was somewhat surprised to find himself in total solitude. He went to the mouth of the cave, which at first seemed to open only to the sea, but a closer examination led him to a narrow ledge of rock, along which he cautiously walked, and aided by a few steps, cut in the most difficult places, succeeded in gaining the wild and precipitous shores of a Highland loch, about four miles in length, and a mile and a half over, surrounded by heathy and savage mountains, on the crests of which the morning mists were still sleeping.

On advancing, he discovered at a distance his old guide, Evan Dhu, and the attendant with the battle-axe, amusing themselves fishing, but was arrested in his progress by the notes of a lively Gaelic song, proceeding from a female voice near at hand. It was Alice, the daughter of Donald Bean, a lively handsome Highland girl, who was engaged in preparing such a breakfast as these wilds could afford, for the entertainment of the stranger. Milk, eggs, barley bread, fresh butter, and honey comb, collected from the neighbouring hamlets, were spread on the table. Waverley gladly accepted the invitation, and sat down to breakfast attended by his hostess. He was soon joined by the party he had seen at a distance, who brought with them a fine salmon trout, the produce of their morning sport, which was speedily dressed in large slices, on a fire prepared on the moment. When all had satisfied the demands of hunger, they prepared to proceed. After taking leave of his hospitable hostess, for her father did not appear, Waverley followed his guide to the boat, and embarked. When they had proceeded to some distance from the shore, he observed that their course was in a different direction from what would conduct him to his friend's mansion. He therefore inquired of Evan where they were going?—"Where would ye be ganging," was the reply, "but to the Laird's ain house of Glennaquoich? Ye would na think to be in his country without going to see him. It would be as much as a man's life was worth." "And are we far from Glennaquoich?" But five bits of miles; and Vich Jan Vohr will meet us." By this time they had approached the shore, where after landing, the Highlanders drew the boat into a little creek among thick flags and reeds, where it lay perfectly concealed. The oars they put into another place of concealment, both probably for the use of Donald Bean, when his occasions should next bring him to that place.

As they continued their journey on foot, Waverley amused himself by interrogating his companion as to the state of the country, and the character and circumstances of the free-booter whose den they had just quitted. His answers were shrewd, ready, and intelligent, displaying a lively picture of the then state of that mountainous and neglected district. The conversation was interrupted by the sound of a gun at a short distance, and soon after they saw the chieftain approach-

ing, attended only by a handsome Highland boy, who carried his master's shooting pouch and broad sword, without which he seldom went abroad.

When Fergus and Waverley met, the latter was struck with the peculiar grace and dignity of the chieftain's figure.—Above the middle size, and finely proportioned, the Highland dress, which he wore in its simplest mode, set off his person to great advantage. He wore the trews, or close trowsers, made of tartan checked scarlet and white; in other particulars, his dress strictly resembled Evan's, except that he had no weapon, save a dirk, very richly mounted with silver. His page, as we have said, carried his claymore; and the fowling-piece, which he held in his hand, seemed only designed for sport.—His countenance was peculiarly Scotch, with all the peculiarities of the northern physiognomy, but had yet so little of its harshness and exaggeration, that it would have been pronounced in any country extremely handsome. The martial air of the bonnet, with a single eagle's feather as a distinction, added much to the manly appearance of his head, which was besides ornamented with a far more natural and graceful cluster of close black curls, than ever were exposed to sale in Bond-street.

An air of openness and affability increased the favourable impression derived from this handsome and dignified exterior. Yet a skilful physiognomist would have been less satisfied with the countenance on a second than on a first view.—The eye-brow and upper lip bespoke something of the habit of peremptory command, and decisive superiority.—Even his courtesy, though open, frank, and unconstrained, seemed to indicate a sense of personal importance; and upon any check, or accidental excitation, a sudden, though transient lour of the eye, shewed a hasty, haughty, and vindictive temper, not less to be dreaded because it seemed much under its owner's command. In short, the countenance of the chieftain resembled a smiling summer's day, in which, notwithstanding, we are made sensible by certain, though slight signs, that it may thunder and lighten before the close of the evening.

The ancestor of Fergus Mac Ivor, about three centuries before this time, had been forced to fly southwards, with his adherents, to avoid the hostilities of a more powerful chieftain, who claimed the sovereign authority over the clan. He settled in Perth, and by his steady adherence to the king, and his success when following his banners in some of the Scottish inroads into the north of England, he found himself rich enough on his return to erect a stone tower or fortalice, so much admired by his neighbours, that he was ever after distinguished by the name of Ian nan Chaistel, or John of the Tower.—His descendants were so proud of his fame, that the reigning chieftain always bore the patronymic title of Vich Ian Vohr, i. e. the son of John the Great. The father of Fergus, the tenth in descent from John of the Tower, engaged heart and hand in the insurrection of 1715, and was forced to fly to France, after the attempt of that year in favour of the Stewarts had proved unsuccessful. More fortunate than other fugitives, he obtained employment in the French service, and married a lady of rank in that kingdom, by whom he had two children, Fergus and his sister Flora. The Scottish estate had been forfeited, and exposed to sale, but was bought in for a small price in the name of the young proprietor, who in consequence came to reside on his native domains. Here he devoted his time, thoughts, and property, to establish a powerful influence in the country. He was aided in doing so, by having obtained the command of one of the independent companies, called in the dialect of the Highlands, *Sidier Dhu*, or the black soldiers, from being dressed in tartan, which had been raised by government to preserve the peace of the country. He caused his

vassals to enter by rotation into this company, and serve for a certain space of time, which gave them all in turn a general notion of military discipline. His conduct, however, at length gave rise to suspicions, that induced the government to deprive him of his military command. Well as he disguised his feelings at this insult, it served to confirm him more strongly than ever in his attachment to the exiled family, who in their turn were not wanting to confirm his adherence by every mark of favour they could bestow, among which the most valuable in his eyes, though easiest for them, was the patent of an earldom, to be held under James the Third of England, and the Eighth of Scotland.

On arriving at the mansion or castle, which still retained all the marks of feudal non-improvement, Fergus took care to have his clan assembled as if by accident, and put them through their military manœuvres, in the presence of the stranger. They performed them with agility and precision; but Waverley was still more pleased and surprised, when after ending them, they turned to those exercises to which they were nationally addicted. They fired at a mark with the precision of the most experienced riflemen, then paired off for the broadsword exercise, after which, dividing into two bands, they exhibited a sort of mock fight, in which the charge, the rally, the flight and pursuit, were exhibited to the grating and discordant sounds of the great war pipe.

When this exhibition was concluded, Fergus conducted his guest into the castle, the lower story of which consisted of one spacious hall, along the middle of which was extended, from one end to the other, a long oaken table, where the chieftain entertained his clan, in all the rude splendour of feudal hospitality. During the whole of the dinner, which was coarse but plentiful, the ears were stunned by the sound of the pipes, which to a stranger's ear "grate horrible discord;" but they were afterwards relieved by the song of a Scottish bard, who in strains partly studied, and partly extemporaneous, sung the praises of the chieftain, and the achievements of his followers. After the wine had for some time circulated freely, Fergus observing that Waverley had declined engaging any further in a contest with such veteran drinkers, as all around appeared to be, proposed to adjourn to his sister's drawing-room, and shewed him the way.

The drawing-room of Flora Mac Ivor was furnished in the plainest and most simple manner; for at Glennaquoich every other sort of expenditure was retrenched as much as possible, for the purpose of maintaining in its full dignity, the hospitality of the chieftain, and retaining and multiplying the number of his dependants and adherents; but there was no appearance of this parsimony in the dress of the lady herself, which was in texture elegant, and even rich, and arranged in a manner that partook partly of the Parisian fashion, and partly of the more simple dress of the Highlands, blended together with much taste. Her hair was not disfigured by the art of the friseur, but fell in jetty ringlets on her neck, confined only by a circle richly set with diamonds. This peculiarity she adopted in compliance with the Highland prejudices, which could not endure that a woman's head should be covered, before wedlock.

Flora Mac Ivor bore a most striking resemblance to her brother Fergus. They had the same antique and regular correctness of profile; the same dark eyes, eyelashes, and eye-brows; the same clearness of complexion, excepting that Fergus's was embrowned by exercise, while Flora's possessed the most feminine delicacy; but the haughty and somewhat stern regularity of Fergus's features was beautifully sof-

tened in those of Flora. Their voices were also similar in tone, though differing in the key. That of Fergus, especially while issuing orders to his followers, during their military exercise, reminded Waverley of a favourite passage in the description of Emetrius—

——— whose voice was heard around,
Loud as a trumpet with a silver sound.

That of Flora, on the contrary, was soft and sweet—

—— an excellent thing in woman.

Yet in urging any favourite topic, which she often pursued with natural eloquence, it possessed as well the tones which impress awe and correction, as those of persuasive insinuation. Early education had impressed upon her mind, as well as on that of her brother, the most devoted attachment to the exiled house of Stewart. For this she was prepared to do all, to suffer all, to sacrifice all: but her loyalty, as it exceeded her brother's in fanaticism, exceeded it also in purity. In her bosom it burned pure and unmixed with any selfish feeling of family aggrandizement, or personal exaltation. She would have as soon made religion the mask of ambitious and interested views, as have shrouded them under the opinions which she had been taught to dignify with the name of patriotism.

To this lady was Waverley introduced. The insinuating graces of person and manner, acting on a youthful and romantic mind, soon made him rejoice in the pertinacity of feudal adherence, that had almost compelled him to make this visit. After the tea equipage was removed, a walk was proposed through the romantic glens that surrounded the mansion. These were the favourite retirement of Flora, and were adorned by her with all the beauties that the hand of taste can lavish on a scene adapted by nature for their reception. Whatever the young Englishman saw or heard heightened his admiration of her to whom they owed their existence. Here they tarried till the mists of evening drew her transient veil over the charms of nature. The night was closed with the dance and song, and Waverley at length retired with a mind overwhelmed by a conflict of new and contending feelings. At a late hour he fell asleep, and dreamed of Flora Mac Ivor.

(To be continued.)

A Speech, delivered at the Historical Society, at the close of the Session in July, 1813, *by* JOHN TAYLOR, Sch. T. C. D. Dedicated by permission to the Right Hon. W. C. PLUNKET, M. P. Published at the request of the Society. 8vo. GRAISBERRY and CAMPBELL, Dublin. 1814.

The Historical Society is a voluntary association of the students of Trinity College, Dublin, for their mutual improvement in History, Oratory, and Poetry. The society holds its meetings once a week, during the greatest part of the year; the session, as it is called, commencing towards the end of October, and terminating in June. On every night of meeting the business commences by an examination of the junior members in a certain portion of English or modern European history; after which a question on some subject of general interest, but usually connected with history, is dicussed.—The society is regulated by laws or rules established by themselves, and the business conducted by officers elected in like manner.—At the close of the year, medals are bestowed on those who have distinguished themselves most in history or oratory. The session is always opened and closed by a speech from the president, who for that evening is selected from among those who have already demonstrated a superiority of oratorical powers. To one of these occasions the present speech owes its existence.

The reader will perceive at the beginning a certain quaintness of expression, that may perhaps tend to excite a prejudice against the whole; but on proceeding, this feeling will soon change itself into a powerful sense of admiration at such a display of juvenile talent. We quote the passage for the purpose of comparing it with some of those that follow. The difference must strike every one, and is easily accounted for in the anxiety to catch applause, before the nature of the subject admits of it, or the minds of the hearers are prepared to accompany the orator.

To lament my inability, might be to reflect on your judgment; and at the same time, to be devoid of apprehension would be to misconceive your usual indulgence; however justly the task may have been allotted by the one, it is my chief support that it will not be unaccompanied by the other; but an appeal to your feelings must surely be unnecessary, on an occasion which their kindest influence has tended to create.

The whole subject, though not cut down or shackled by a pedantic regularity of arrangement, is naturally divided into three branches. In the first he treats of history, in the second of poetry, and in the third of oratory. These divisions, though, as has been just said, apparently unnoticed by the speaker, are introduced and connected with such ingenuity, as to present themselves almost spontaneously to the hearer's notice.

In every part of the speech may be traced the peculiarity of style which characterizes Irish eloquence, a glowing exuberance of sentiment and expression, sometimes soaring even to the forbidden regions of poetry. This style is here diversified by a studied imitation of the manner now much in vogue, and, when introduced with skill and caution, deservedly admired. We mean that antithetic terseness which is the predominant feature of Grattan's speeches, and Baron Smith's essays. The following passage affords a pointed example of it:

Yes—History, to whose support and diffusion you have contributed so much, shall repay the debt in your lasting reputation; she has then double claims on your attention; to advance your present interests—to perpetuate your future renown. Cultivate her study—it is man: secure her reward—it is wisdom: not man in the narrow exertion of his powers, in the confined relations of his being, but individually pourtrayed in the bold and broad delineation of public activity, or collectively blended in the harmonizing mass of national characteristic: not wisdom in the unattractive garb of preceptive sternness and reproof, or speaking through the apathy of scholastic demonstration, but surrounded by every charm to solicit regard, and supported by every example to insinuate persuasion.

The utility of this study is well pointed out in the ensuing extract; which also may serve as an instance of lively and animated didactic writing:

History then, properly understood, taken in the scope of its intention, is the great stimulus of genius, and its directress too; 'tis the mart of instruction that receives the tribute of knowledge from every shore, and diffuses it throughout the globe. 'Tis Wisdom's temple, the oracle of earth, raised on an eminence that commands the world.—But merely to ascertain events, to crowd the world with incident, to acquire a ready application of date, and a clear and connected idea of mere connective arrangement, this is not to know history; this is not to wear the attribute of its votary; and he who inquires into actions without deriving experience, he who burthens his memory without improving his mind, does he not in some measure act like one who, entering the magnificent temple of the East, could investigate the accuracy of its dimensions, admire the symmetry of its parts, the elegance of its embellishments,—but, blind to the glory between the cherubim, retire without worshipping its God?

To the eye of curiosity history is a trifling acquirement; its study is a useless expenditure of time; for so futile a purpose the pain and research of the compiler is

needless and unprofitable; the easier resources of fiction will be quite as amusing, as varied, and as intelligent; they will give you a story as remarkable, as wondrous a catastrophe, and wind you up to as high a pitch of anxious expectation; but he who approaches the instructive volume to render its perusal truly advantageous, according to his station and hopes in life, so will he mark the career of those whom history, under similar circumstances and relations, places within his view; how far they have succeeded, and why they have failed. Let this be the object of his attention; so from their errors will he escape their embarrassment, from their virtues he shall attain their celebrity, and prove it a blessing that he was bequeathed their experience.

From history the young orator proceeds to poetry, which he endeavours to prove, and in our opinion successfully, to be a useful co-adjutor of the former.

To him who seems under the more immediate influence of the fire of genius—who comes endowed with the creative spirit, to charm, to elevate, to inspire—let not history present her acquisitions in vain; let not the severity of her aspect, and the undeviating accuracy of her delineations, scare the child of fancy and of soul, and turn the poet from her page; even from the strictness of her truth may he derive the rich exercise of his excursive powers; it may strike the first spark of invention, and give imperceptible accession to its strength. History will not repress the wing that would soar, nor deaden the flame that would enliven; but she will give more majesty to his flight, and more permanency to his vigour; she will not contract his imagination, she will not impoverish his ornament; but she will give chastity to the one, and selection to the other. Within the range of her acquirements, he may enjoy the sweetest visions of ecstacy, the purest raptures of unembodied communion; for there, through the mist of years, shall descend upon his view the subject that calls for all the sublime, or all the sympathy of song; the word that burns over the memory of the hero—that bedews serener worth with its affection, and breathes the dirge of pity over melancholy's tear. Do I speak of imaginary themes, while the shades of a Russel, a Howard, and a Grey, call on him for fame, for gratitude, and regret? Yes—history and poetry act to the one grand object of man's improvement, in the delineation of man, though the attainment of the end is not without a wide distinction in the means. History addresses us as rational beings; poetry as more than rational, as generous and susceptible; history gives us what truth must confirm, as speaking to the judgment; poetry adds from the warmth of divine imagination, as speaking to the feelings; History advises us to good, and dissuades us from evil in the admonitions of a friend—poetry allures us to virtue with an angel's smile, and terrifies us from vice in the denunciations of a God. Both give to merit the testimony of their unending applause; but the applause of the one creates our esteem, that of the other our astonishment; history gives celebrity—poetry, deification.

In proceeding to the third part of his subject, he maintains a strict connection and unity of thought, by shewing how the study of history and poetry united, combine to form the orator. The passage is one of the most splendid. We reluctantly pass it over in order to exhibit oratory in its noblest point of view, paying homage to the triumphs of patriotism. At the present season, when eloquence even of the highest order, the eloquence of the senate, seems paralyzed by the withering breath of courtly obsequiousness, we view with double satisfaction the effusions of juvenile feeling—we turn with a mournful pleasure from the blasted oak to the budding sapling. After bestowing a tribute of eulogy to the manes of Demosthenes and Cicero, he proceeds thus—

But let us turn from Greece and Rome, and look to England, scarcely less alarmed and distressed: embarrassed in council, and tarnished in fame: her constitution assailed by corruption; her glory stigmatised by defeat: at such a crisis did heaven bestow upon her the noblest defence that had ever been entrusted to a sinking land: at such a crisis did its beneficence extend the happiest instrument of political redemption, the inestimable gift which centuries shall not replace, and may her fate never require—the eloquence of a Chatham; a man, whose powers as an orator were only

to be equalled by his virtues as a patriot, and his intelligence as a statesman. But even he had his enemies; and the predatory malevolence that ever follows superior ability, gathered thick upon his fame, and seemed for a while to have impoverished its bloom. Yes—the voice of faction was at one time powerful enough to have him blotted from the catalogue of national advisers, who felt his glory and his integrity light the world to their shame; but surrounded by danger, and instructed by distress, his country in sorrow supplicated his return: from the sternness of solitude he rose majestic to her relief: and the exile that would contaminate, became the saviour that was adored. How did the great senate hang enraptured on his words; how were her entangled councils disenthralled by his eloquence, an eloquence native, exhaustless, and always original: its richness was not transitory; its energies were not occasional; but ever ardent, sublime, and overbearing. It seemed the continual emanation of a mind incapable of depression, and unacquainted with effort. Proudly did it speak for a nation's welfare, and excite, and invigorate the generous disposition for honour and enterprise: but dreadful were its denunciations to the artifice of self-interest, and the slumbers of incapacity. Well did the instant discomfiture of elaborate deception attest the omnipotence of the orator, when raising his voice in the sacred alliance of truth; well did the silent confusion, the shrinking alarm of corruption and venality, confirm the triumph of his reason and his eloquence; while foreign ambition, that had long moved resistless to victory and aggrandizement, felt the retributive power, and bowing beneath the ascendancy of his counsels, acknowledged to the world, in sorrow and submission, the superior wisdom and glory of that man, who, disdaining the arts of ignoble and insidious policy, marched to the combat in the front of every public virtue, and all the constitutional dignity of the land.

The extracts here given would be enough to testify a promise of luxuriant and masculine powers.—They are not the best. They have been selected more for the purpose of confirming our own assertions on its merits, than to point out a passage pre-eminently excellent.

It has been asserted, that the Historical Society is the best part of the college education. Without going so far, we think ourselves justified in saying, that it is a valuable addition to the course of scholastic studies. It serves to apply and direct the knowledge acquired by books—to introduce a young man into the world—to give him a prospective glimpse of the scenes in which he is so shortly to take a part—to put the theory of science to the test of practice.

ACCOUNT OF THE ROYAL IRISH INSTITUTION

for promoting the Fine Arts; illustrated with Anecdotes and Characters of the Old Masters, whose Works are exhibited.

(Continued from No. X. page 120.)

The annual exhibition of paintings closed on the first of this month: artists, however, are still admitted to study. Much has been said concerning the advantages likely to result to the fine arts from this institution. We candidly confess, that we are of the same opinion as those who think that the increase of infant genius in Ireland will not be deteriorated by studies to which every artist of merit has subjected himself. Every painter speaks with enthusiasm of the new world that opened upon his view on a visit to Italy. Some benefit must, therefore, arise from a gleam of that light which illuminated their souls, being cast upon this island to enlighten, though but faintly, the first steps of our countrymen. The study of ancient

models cannot make a painter; but it may do much to improve one.—To proceed on our review:

PAUL VERONESE.

Paul Cagliari, called Veronese, from Verona, where he was born in 1530, gave early proofs of talent. When his powers began to be matured, he went to Rome under the patronage of Grimani, the Venetian ambassador, when he learned much from the works of Raffaello and Michael Angelo Bonarruoti. He was admired by Titian, and Guido said, that next to Raffaello and Correggio, he would wish to be Paolo Veronese. His paintings procured him not only fame but wealth; yet he was far from being sordidly attached to money. It is recorded of him, that being hospitably entertained at the house of the Grisani, when detained there during a journey, he secretly painted a picture of the family of Darius, as large as life, and leaving the canvas rolled up under his bed, told his hosts he had left them something to repay their kindness.

The excellence of this artist is peculiarly observable in the colouring, whose freshness has been still preserved by means of his light grounds and virgin tints, in the skilful distribution of light and shade, and in the grace and harmony of composition. In order to please the debauched taste of the Venetians, he was frequently obliged to sacrifice truth of expression, and propriety of costume, to splendour and factitious ornament. The guests of the banquet at Cana, the publican, the Magdalen, are all decked out in the gaudy dresses of Venetian patriarchs, ladies, and nobles. This sacrifice of taste to fashion, is equally to be pitied and reprehended. The Marriage at Cana, now in the Louvre, is his masterpiece.

His sons Carletto and Gabriel acquired celebrity as painters. Several of their father's pictures were finished by them; and some of their originals have been mistaken for his.—They both died early.

It is much to be regretted that the exhibition presents but one specimen of this master's powers, and that one appears under such disadvantage, as to give just grounds for doubting whether it be actually his. It exhibits but little of what we expect from his celebrity, and is in such a situation, as to make it no easy matter to have a fair view of its actual merits.

ROSA DA TIVOLI.

This painter, whose real name was Philip Roos, was a German, born at Francfort in 1655. The Landgrave of Hesse, who had noticed in him early indications of merit as an artist, sent him to Rome to improve. On his first entrance, he introduced himself into the notice of painters, by observing a groupe of students copying the basso-relievos on Titus's arch. The monument itself struck him as picturesque; he borrowed a pencil from one of the students, and in less than half an hour produced a design, equally admirable for its elegance and correctness.

Though remarkable for the expedition of his work, such were his habits of dissipation, that he was always in difficulties.—He sold his pictures as fast as he could execute them, in order to procure the necessaries of life. His servant, whom he employed as agent in this traffic, was gifted with more prudence than his master: he paid him out of his own pocket the highest price offered for the pictures, and kept them until their scarcity had greatly enhanced their value.

As an instance of the incredible rapidity of this painter in invention and execution, it is said, that the Imperial ambassador, Count Martinez, made a large bet with a Swedish General, that Rosa would paint a picture of three quarter size, while they played a singled game at cards; and in less than half an hour the picture was finished, though it consisted of a landscape, two or three sheep and goats, and a figure. The artist was rewarded with half the sum gained by his dexterity.

He was indefatigable in his study of nature, for which purpose his favourite residence was at Tivoli, whence he obtained his name; he had a house there so fully stocked with animals he had selected for models, that it was known by the name of Noah's ark.

This painter excelled in correctness and grandeur of design: his colouring is forcible and bold, his scenery pleasing, his outline free, steady, and spirited. He shewed peculiar taste in grouping his subjects, which were mostly cattle, as also great science in his chiaro oscuro. His pictures are, however, very unequal as to merit; yet notwithstanding some bear evident indications of the haste with which they have been executed, all testify that he had so much regard to his fame, as not to let any escape from his hands that were not highly estimable.

One of his best pictures, "*A Herdsman with Cattle,*" is at Wilton, the seat of the Earl of Pembroke.

There are but two of his pictures in the exhibition, but they fully justify the character bestowed on him by his contemporaries. To a bold outline is added a justice, and at the same time a warmth of colour, expressive of nature in her happiest mood. The pictures are from the collection of the Duke of Leinster.

VANDYKE.

Anthony Vandyke or Vandyck was born at Antwerp, in 1599. When at school it is said that he shewed his first indication of a taste for painting. One of his companions being threatened with a flogging, Vandyck undertook to save him from it, which he did by drawing a face on his posteriors, that so amused the pedagogue, as to turn his anger into laughter. He afterwards became the pupil of the celebrated Rubens. In the church of Antwerp was a celebrated picture of Mary and the infant Jesus, painted by this great master. Vandyck has the merit of having drawn the breast of St. Sebastian, one of the figures, while a disciple. For it happened that as he and his fellow-students were diverting themselves in the painting room during their master's absence, a hat thrown by one of them struck the picture while wet, and disfigured it. This cross accident put an end to their sport. At length Vandyck was unanimously chosen as the fittest person to remedy the defect. He did so, and all hoped that it would pass unnoticed. But when Rubens returned, one of his first questions was to know, who had dared to meddle with his pictures. Silence and denial were equally vain, so poor Vandyck pleaded guilty. Rubens immediately took him into an inner room, told him he must go to Rome directly, where he would have the proper means of improvement; and concluded by supplying him with money, and the present of a fine horse. The young artist made good use of his patron's generosity, as on his return home a few years after, he left behind him several much admired pictures in Genoa.

After his return he visited Francis Hals, the painter, in Holland, introducing himself by sitting for his picture; when it was finished he offered to draw his in return; Hals, who consented merely through curiosity, on seeing his picture rapidly finished, exclaimed, "Thou art the devil or else Vandyck."

Finding that he could not advance himself by his profession in his native country, he went to England, where he was most favourably received by Charles I. who after some time knighted him. He soon found himself loaded with honours and riches, and married a daughter of the Lord Ruthven, Earl of Gowry. He lived in a most magnificent style, and after his death, which was the consequence of gout, when he was but forty-two, left effects to the value of £40,000.

His principal excellence was in portraits, to which he peculiarly devoted himself. His choice of nature was always most agreeable; he gave an inexpressible grace to his heads, and infused into them an expression that was inimitable, as if the very soul resided in the portrait. Every part of his pictures are executed with equal attention; the hands particularly are designed with the greatest perfection. His draperies are cast in a grand style, broad and simple in the folds, easy and natural in the disposition, and exquisite in the colouring. His first pictures after he settled in London are esteemed the best; the latter ones indicate rapidity, but still display the touches of a master. In some a leaden colour prevails. His most remarkable portrait is a whole length of Mary de Medici, in the Orleans collection; though in real excellence it is equalled by several portraits of the English nobility, among which may be particularly noticed that of the Pembroke family at Wilton.

It is to be regretted that none of the portraits of this great master form part of the collection, as on his talent in that department his fame chiefly rests. His "*Saint Paul,*" however, may serve to convey a very good idea of his style. For though but a child of the imagination, it possesses all the characters of real life. The expression is noble and masculine. The forehead and eye convey a strong mixture of enthusiasm and thoughtfulness. Many doubt of the originality of the "*Vertumnus and Pomona,*" which goes under his

name. Yet the air of the head in the female figure possesses so much of that grace for which he is remarkable, as almost to sway the opinion in favour of its originality.

LUCA GIORDANO.

This painter was born at Naples about the year 1680. Like many other eminent artists, he gave early indications of future genius; insomuch that the Viceroy of Naples placed him with the celebrated Spagnoletto. He was not his only master, for he afterwards received lessons from Pietro da Cortona, and finished his education by studying Correggio's pictures at Lombardy, as well as those of the Venetian school, which were then to be seen in that great receptacle of painting. He also went to Rome, whither his father followed him. Here he diligently employed himself by copying the great masterpieces of art, to which, as he gained much money by his labours, he was incessantly stimulated by his avaricious father, whose avarice would scarcely allow his son time to eat. "*Luca, fa presto*"—"*Luke, make haste*," was his endless cry, whence the nickname *Fa presto*, by which this painter is often known, was derived. He lived to a great age, in honourable opulence, caressed by the greatest men not only of his native country, but in foreign kingdoms.

He had a fruitful and fine imagination, with a most surprising freedom of hand: his colouring is agreeable, and his design usually correct. He had the singular skill of imitating the style of every celebrated master, so as to deceive even the greatest connoisseurs. In his early life this might have been the effect of study, and an ambition to imitate excellence; but it adhered to him even when at the zenith of his fame, many of his pictures being in the peculiar style of Titian, Tintoretto, Guido, and Bassano.

His best performance is the grand altarpiece in the Church of the Ascension at Naples, representing the Fall of Lucifer. In it St. Michael is seen standing on the fallen arch-fiend, both figures being supported in the air; two of the evil spirits seem loaded with his throne, while sinking to the abyss, and below are a number of figures, who have been already driven into punishment.

"*The Repose in Egypt*" is a fine illustration of this painter's powers. There is a truth and simplicity in every part, an unity of design, composition, and colouring, strongly indicative of that repose he wishes to exhibit. "*The Triumph of Galatea*," though possessing great merit, presents a confusion in the composition, that detracts much from the pleasure of the spectator.

(To be continued.)

MUSICAL EDUCATION.

At the present era, when music is so generally cultivated, as to form not only a pleasing, but an indispensable part of the education of an accomplished female, it cannot but be exceedingly gratifying both to the *Legitimate Professor* of the art, and the *amateur*, to hear that it is Mr. Logier's intention shortly to give a course of lectures on the principles of *practical harmony* and *composition*.

We have often lamented that this delightful art, so highly esteemed from the earliest ages to the present, by almost every nation under the sun, should be taught on a system *so loose* and *unconnected*, that often the learners, particularly females, after a number of years of instruction, still remain ignorant of the very *principles* on which the art is established.—This ought not to be.

As Mr. Logier's lectures will throw, no doubt, some new light on a subject so desirable, we anticipate with confidence that encouragement to which he will be entitled.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS FOR OCTOBER.

BRITISH WORKS PUBLISHED.

BIBLIOGRAPHY.

A Catalogue of a miscellaneous collection of Books, for sale at the prices affixed to each article, by James Black, York-street, Covent-garden. 2s. 6d.

CLASSICS.

Pindari Carmina juxta exemplar Heynianum, quibus accesserunt notæ Heynianæ; Paraphrasis Benedictinæ; et Lexicon Pindaricum; ex integro Dammii opere Etymologico excerptum et juxta serie dispositum; digessit et edidit Hen. Huntingford, L. L. B. 8vo. 1l. 10s.

Dammii Lexicon Pindaricum, ex integro ejus opere etymologico excerpsit et juxta serie disposuit; Hen. Huntingford, L. L. B. 8vo. 12s.

DICTIONARIES.

The Edinburgh Encyclopedia; or, Dictionary of Arts, Sciences, and Miscellaneous Literature; conducted by David Brewster, L. L. D. Vol. 8, part I. 1l. 1s.

EDUCATION.

The Picture of Nature; or, a general view of the chief Objects of Creation, which present themselves to the observation of man; calculated to convey miscellaneous instruction to young persons, and to direct their attention to the great first cause; by Wm. J. Hort. 12mo. 5s.

A Manual of Latin Grammar; intended to combine the ancient mode of Grammatical instruction, originally enjoined by royal authority, with the new improvements in education; by J. Pye Smith, D. D. 12mo. 2s. 6d.

GEOGRAPHY.

A Topographical Account of Bawtry and Thorne, in Yorkshire, with the villages adjacent; illustrated by a map, and nine engravings; by William Peck. 4to. 1l. 11s. 6d.

Only 100 copies of this work have been printed, a great part of which are subscribed for.

MEDICINE.

Facts and Observations on Liver Complaints and Bilious Disorders in general, connected with an appropriate and successful mode of treatment, and confirmed by a numerous selection of cases, by John Faithhorn, Surgeon. 8vo. 6s.

The Edinburgh Medical and Surgical Journal, exhibiting a concise view of the latest and most important discoveries in Medicine, Surgery, and Pharmacy. No. 40, 3s.

MISCELLANIES.

Debates at the India House, in the several general courts of Proprietors of East India Stock, held at different times, from the 25th of May to the 23d of June, 1814, on the subject of pensions; by an Impartial Reporter. 8vo. 4s. 6d.

Paris in 1802 and 1814; by the Rev. Wm. Shepherd. 8vo. 7s. 6d.

NOVELS AND ROMANCES.

The Recluse of Norway; by Anna Maria Porter. 4 vols. 12mo. 1l. 4s.

POETRY.

Azora, a Metrical Romance, in four cantos; by Michael Head, Esq. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

RELIGION.

A candid and impartial inquiry into the present state of the Methodist Societies in this kingdom; by a Member of the Society. 8vo. 7s. 6d.

A Sermon preached at the parish church of Lancaster, at the primary visitation of the Bishop of Chester; by the Rev. T. D. Whitaker, D. D. 4to. 2s. 6d.

The complete works of the late Rev. Thomas Robinson, late Vicar of St. Mary, Leicester, and Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, containing Scripture Characters, the Christian System, Prophecies of the Messiah, &c. 8 vols. 8vo. 1l. 4s.

An Essay on Immortality, in three parts, by the Author of a Review of the First Principles, Bishop Berkeley, Dr. Reid, and Professor Stewart. 8vo. 9s.

SCIENCE.

New Mathematical Tables, containing the Factors, Squares, Cubes, Square-roots, Cube-roots, Reciprocals, and Hyperbolic Logarithms, of all numbers from 1 to 10,000; Tables of powers and prime numbers; an extensive Table of Formulæ, or general Synopsis of the most important particulars relating to the doctrine of Equations, Series, Fluxions, &c.; by Peter Barlow, of the Royal Military Academy. 8vo. 18s.

BRITISH WORKS IN THE PRESS.

The Lord of the Isles, a poem; by Walter Scott, Esq.

Picturesque Views of Public Edifices in Paris; by Messrs. Segard and Testard.

Speedily will be published, a Dictionary of Religious Opinions; or a

brief account of the various denominations into which the Profession of Christianity is divided; alphabetically arranged; by Wm. Jones, Author of a History of the Waldenses.

Discipline, a novel; by the Author of Self-Control.

Letters from Albion to a Friend on the Continent; written in the years 1810, 1811, 1812, and 1813. These are the original letters of a Nobleman to his Friend, while travelling through this country, and are interspersed with those first impressions of English scenes, which render the fact unquestionable.

A practical treatise on finding the Longitude and Latitude at Sea, with tables designed to facilitate the calculations. Translated from the French of M. de Rossel, Member of the French Board of Longitude; by Thos. Myers, of the Royal Academy, Woolwich.

To be published early in November, Letters from Italy, containing a view of the revolution in that country, from the capture of Nice by the French Republic, to the expulsion of Pope Pius VI.; by Mariana Starke.

Works preparing for Publication, of which the number printed will be limited.

The entire Works of Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, and Sir Thomas Wyatt, the elder; containing much new and curious matter, with Notes, critical and explanatory, &c. &c.; by G. F. Nott, D. D. F. S. A. late Fellow of All Souls College, Oxford. The publication will be comprised in 2 vols. 4to. embellished with highly finished portraits, &c. The number printed will be limited to 50 copies on royal quarto, and 400 on demy quarto.

A Reprint of the Morte D'Arthur.—The text of this edition will be a faithful transcript from the Wynkyn de Worde edition, in the possession of Earl Spencer, with an introduction and notes, tending to elucidate the history and bibliography of the Work; as well as the Fictions of the Round Table Chivalry in general; by John Louis Goldsmid. The impression will be strictly limited to 250 on post 4to. and 50 large paper.

A new edition of the Saxon Chronicle, with an English Translation and Notes. By the Rev. J. Ingram, late Saxon Professor in the University of Oxford. To which will be added, a new and copious Chronological, Topographical, and Glossarical Index, with a short Grammar of the Saxon Language, and an accurate and enlarged Map of England during the Heptarchy. The Work will be published in royal 4to. and with as little delay as possible.

The Poetical Exercises at vacant hours of James the 6th, King of Scotland. Edited by R. P. Gillies, Esq.—To be printed in small 4to, and the number to be limited to 150.

The Poems of Thomas Stanley, Esq. reprinted from the original edition, which is now exceedingly rare. Only 150 will be printed in foolscap 8vo. to correspond with Raleigh's Poems.

Translations from Anacreon, Bion, Moschus, &c.; by the same author, from the edition of 1651. Only 150 will be printed in foolscap 8vo.

The Rev. F. A. Cox, of Hackney, is preparing for the press, a Life of Philip Melancthon, the intimate friend and distinguished coadjutor of Martin Luther.

The Rev. T. Morell, of St. Neot, has in the press, a second volume of Studies in History, which will contain the History of Rome from its earliest records to the death of Constantine.

Mr. J. D. Patison is preparing to publish, Illustrations of London, in three octavo volumes, with numerous engravings.

Lucien Bonaparte's poem of Charlemagne, both in French and in English, will soon appear, each in a quarto volume, the translation into English rhyme by the Rev. Dr. S. Butler, and the Rev. S. Hodgson.

Wm. Blair, Esq. is preparing for the press, an enlarged correspondence between Protestants and Roman Catholics, on the translation, dispersion, and free use of the Scriptures; with select notes from the Rheims Testament and Douay Bible.

Lieut. W. F. Parry, R. N. speedily will publish, Nautical Astronomy by Night, illustrated by engravings; intended chiefly for the use of the navy, and calculated to render more familiar the knowledge of the stars.

Captain Tuckey, R. N. has in great forwardness, a work on Maritime Geography, in four octavo volumes.

A gentleman well known in the literary world has in considerable forwardness for the press, a complete Version of the Sonnets, Odes, and Pageants of Petrarch, with a copious commentary.—He published a specimen in an octavo volume in 1808.

The Rev. J. Nightingale is preparing for publication, Theomania, or Histori-

cal Anecdotes of Religious Insanity and Delusion, from the earliest time of Christianity to the recent imposture of Joanna Southcott.

Miss Jane Harvey will soon publish the Records of a Noble Family, a novel in four volumes.

The Military Adventures of Johnny Newcombe, a humorous poetical work written by a Field Officer, and embellished with twelve coloured caricatures by Rowlandson, will appear in the course of next month.

The Rev. T. Kidd, author of Family and Village Sermons, has in the press a second volume of similar discourses; also a new edition of the existing volume revised and improved: the two volumes will contain fifty-two sermons.

Medico-Chirurgical Transactions, Vol. V. published by the Medical and Chirurgical Society of London, will soon appear.

The Rev. T. Vaughan is preparing for the press, some Account of the Life, with original Letters, of the late Rev. T. Robinson, of Leicester.

Mr. Richard Woodhouse has an English, French, Italian, and Portuguese Vocabulary nearly ready for publication.

A new edition of Hayter's Principles of Perspective, with considerable additions, and illustrated by many new plates, is in the press.

New editions of the Spirit of Love, and the Spirit of Prayer, by the late Rev. Wm. Law, will appear early in next month.

Dr. Montucci is now proceeding with alacrity towards the completion of his Chinese Dictionary: at the beginning of last month he had reached to the syllable *Leu*, and the characters engraven were 14,900; and by the latter end of next year he hopes to see the engravings finished, when the number of characters will exceed 24,000.

IRISH PUBLICATIONS.

*** We earnestly solicit authors and publishers throughout Ireland to communicate information relative to any works they may have published, or are preparing for the press. And they may rest assured of having their information treated with due respect. It is our wish as well as our duty, to give publicity to whatever tends to promote Irish literature.

WORKS LATELY PUBLISHED.

A Statistical Account and Parochial Survey of Ireland, drawn up from the communications of the clergy; by Wm. Shaw Mason, Esq. M. R. I. A. Receiver and Remembrancer of First Fruits, and Secretary to the Board of Public Records. Vol. I. illustrated with a number of maps and plates.

This is the commencement of an extensive work, purposing to give authentic and accurate information relative to every part of Ireland. It consists of accounts of each parish, prepared by the resident clergymen, including every particular that could be collected concerning its state, both ancient and modern, its soil, mode of agriculture, productions, trade and manufactures, in a word, whatever can interest the philosopher, or direct the statesman, in their respective views, for the melioration of the country. The present volume comprehends an account of nearly sixty parishes. The second volume is expected to appear early in spring.

A Synopsis of Political Economy; by Walter Thom, Author of the History of Aberdeen, &c. 8vo. price 1s. 1d. 2d. edition.

For a character of this Synopsis, we refer to Vol. I. p.354, of our Miscellany, where it was reviewed at its first appearance. The original edition being now out of print, it has been reprinted in a cheaper form, in order to put within the means of every reader the elements of a science, which now justly holds the highest rank in the estimation of the literati, not only in France, where the *Economists* form as it were a distinct sect of philosophers, but also in Germany and Great Britain.

WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

Now in a state of forwardness in the Belfast press, and intended to be published by subscription, Ultoniana, a work chiefly consisting of historical poems; by Eliza Hamilton Law: to be printed in one elegant volume foolscap 8vo. price 5s. 10d.

This publication (prospectus of which have been widely circulated throughout the country) is principally directed to the authentic history of Ulster in the days of feudal domination. It is also to be illustrated by a series of well-selected notes, from the best and most authentic historical authorities, and is expected to be in readiness for publication before the end of the year.

Mr. P. Lynch, a gentleman well known to the lovers of Irish literature, has in the press a compendious Irish grammar,

for the use of persons wishing to obtain a speedy and scientific acquaintance with that venerable language. It is probably the shortest grammar in existence, consisting almost solely of tables, in which the several inflexions of the different parts of speech are presented at once to the student's observation. It has been the result of many years laborious study and reflection. It will appear early next month.

A Rudimental Dictionary of the English and Irish languages, by Mr. Thady Conlan, is now nearly ready for publication, intended both for the instruction of the English student to *speak* Irish, and for that of the native Irish to *read* English.

A Rudimental Spelling and Reading Book, written in the Irish language and character, is also in preparation.

Dr. Turton, the celebrated assistant of Darwin in his valuable translation of the Systema Naturæ, by Carl von Linné, has now in the press a catalogue of British shells.

A volume of the Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy, has been for some time in the printer's hands. We are not authorised to say at what time its appearance will be announced to the public.

(For the Monthly Museum.)

SYMPATHY; A MORAL TALE.

(Continued from page 246.)

VALRIVE, in love to distraction, confided the secret of his heart that very evening to Ludvil, who was astonished that he could make a choice between two persons so like each other. Valrive was independent, twenty-five years of age, and his own master. Ludvil assured him, that he would easily obtain the consent of Mulsain and Antonia, but only on condition of settling in their neighbourhood.—This the old man eagerly wished for on his own account, as he would thus acquire an augmentation to his pleasures, and Valrive as readily pledged himself to its performance. Ludvil also said, that he must find a husband for the other Savinia, because Antonia had determined to marry both her daughters at the same time. In reply to this Valrive said, that he had a cousin, his intimate friend, an amiable young man, who had the command of his fortune, and was disengaged, and that he would answer for his acquiescence in this point.

The next day, Antonia felt herself so much recovered, that contrary to the physician's expectation, she found herself able to rise and pass the day on a sofa; but she was still extremely weak; and though in the enjoyment of her senses, she had not yet entirely recovered her memory, and retained but a confused recollection of the events of the preceding days. She slept during the greater part of the afternoon, and the Savinias passed the interval with Ludvil, Mulsain, the physician, and Valrive: this last soon perceived that his passion was neither unobserved nor disregarded by the object of his love; but he did not perceive that he had excited the same emotions in her sister's bosom also.—The twins were so closely united, that love could not strike the one without wounding the other; yet they knew not even the name of the passion that had conquered them—they did not communicate their feelings to each other, yet they talked of nothing but Val-

rive; accustomed to a constant similarity of sentiments, they were not astonished at having the same opinion, and using the same language respecting him. They spoke of him with enthusiasm, and loved one another the more: never were they better pleased with the conformity of their tastes and sentiments: never before had it appeared so well founded. They were equally satisfied as to the object of their thoughts; even she who had not gained a preference in his heart, might easily have been deceived. Valrive often mistook her for her sister, and even when he was not mistaken, he could not view her with indifference. She recalled features so dear, he viewed her as the portrait of his beloved Savinia; less charming than the original, yet still enchanting. If her sister was absent for a few moments, Valrive drew near her and engaged her in conversation, was it but to hear the sound of that sweet voice which penetrated to his inmost heart. At such times the tone of his voice and his countenance unintentionally indicated a love he did not feel, and without an idea of seduction, he deceived the heart of an innocent and susceptible female.

Antonia's recovery was much more rapid than could have been expected: at the end of a few days she was completely restored to health; Ludvil then acquainted her and Mulsain with Valrive's proposals: the old man, who was anxious for the marriage, went so far as to say, that Savinia's sentiments were in unison with those of Valrive. "And her sister"—said Antonia anxiously. "Oh," replied Ludvil, "we have a husband for her also; a relation of Valrive, who wishes to marry a young and innocent girl, endowed with sense enough to prefer the country to the town. Valrive is confident that he will accept our Savinia's hand with rapture, for he has already written to him on the subject, and received his answer. This young man scarcely ventures to flatter himself with the combination of so much beauty with such simplicity: he does not look for fortune, yet he will obtain it; in a word, to wed the sister of his friend's wife will be the summit of his felicity."—Antonia and Mulsain promised to give their consent, as soon as they were acquainted with their daughter's sentiments. She who was Valrive's choice, was also the Savinia whom Antonia secretly preferred, she was therefore pleased that Valrivé had given a preference to her who was distinguished from her sister by such delicate shades of difference, and she thought that for once love was as clear-sighted as maternal affection. Antonia spoke to her daughters that very day—the one who was beloved by Valrive expressed much surprise, astonishment, and joy: but suddenly recollecting herself, cried out—"And my sister!" Antonia answered, that they had fixed on an amiable young man, the relative and intimate friend of Valrive, for her husband. She added, that he was expected immediately, and that both their marriages should take place the same day. The other Savinia turned pale, and remained as if thunderstruck, when she heard of her own and her sister's marriage. "If at least," said she after a pause, "Valrive had a twin brother." Antonia understood the full force of this simple expression, but she was persuaded that so recent an impression would be easily effaced, and that a heart so simple

would quickly attach itself to its destined spouse. The unfortunate victim of self-deluded simplicity replied to her mother's observations with a mildness and submission, that might easily be mistaken for tranquillity. Antonia was deceived: she had never known what love was. Their promises were mutually given and received.—Valrive threw himself at the feet of his dear Savinia: he taught her for the first time the real language of love, a language which is never so well understood as when first heard. This evening was to all a scene of enchantment. Valrive begged of his destined spouse that she would allow herself hereafter to be called Leonia (his own name was Leon); "for," said he, "my wife and sister can no longer have the same name; though equally attached to each other, we must have some mode of distinguishing them." "Will you permit it?" said she, turning to her sister. "Ah," replied the melancholy Savinia, "will you not soon be called by a still dearer name?" "No name can be dearer to me than that of Savinia." "You are already distinguished by being called the Savinia that is beloved by Valrive—Call yourself Leonia." At these words she cast down her eyes, to conceal the tears that were gushing into them. Her sister did not perceive her agitation; she was looking at Valrive; she saw but him, and accepted the name of Leonia, by which she was afterwards known. It was settled that in a few days Valrive should set out for Geneva along with Mulsain, to procure the necessary papers, and to conduct his friend to Laverzer. In the mean time, Valrive passed his whole time with Leonia. Every morning, in order to distinguish her at a distance, he gave her a large bunch of flowers, which she fastened in her bosom; and Savinia, though fond of flowers, no longer wore any. She avoided her sister, under pretence of leaving her at liberty to converse with her lover. She experienced the dreadful torture of a double jealousy. Valrive had inspired her with love, but Leonia was the object of her sincere affection: this, the earliest sentiment of her heart, was the strongest and most powerful. She envied her sister's happiness, yet she would have died rather than disturb it. Above all, she was grieved to see Leonia wholly devoted to love; to observe that she could live without her, and give a preference to the object of so recent an attachment. In fine, she thought that her sister was entirely lost to her; that all the bonds of their friendship were broken.—She found herself alone and deserted; and to complete her afflictions, she looked upon her involuntary inclination to Valrive as a crime; she was under the necessity of concealing her grief; she was forced to have recourse to dissimulation.

One day, as she was sitting in the flower garden, the gardener's wife passed by; she called her, and having placed her by her side: "Listen to me, my good Maria," said she; "my sister forbade me to tell you which of us saved your child's life; but now all is changed and I may reveal it." "Tell me then: I shall be so happy to hear it. I shall always love you both; but she who has preserved my child"—"Yes! yes, it is she who is born to be loved: 'tis my sister." "Your sister! and how shall I know her?" "We shall be mistaken no longer: my sister is now

called Leonia; there is now but one Savinia; or to speak more correctly, there is now none." "Your sister may change her name as often as she pleases, yet she will always be taken for you." "No, Maria, we resemble one another no more! you will know her by the flowers she always wears, but more so by her gaiety and her complexion." "Complexion!—you both had so fine a colour: but, indeed, your's is not so high now." "In short, Maria, I wish you to know your benefactress. There was a time when I could have let you remain in doubt. It was the same thing which of us did it: now, I must transfer all your gratitude to Leonia—silence would be now a fraud. However, do not tell her what I have said, perhaps she may be displeased; you can tell it some time hence when she is married: till then keep my secret." At these words Savinia rose, and continuing her solitary walk, she left the garden. Her reverie insensibly led her to the borders of the lake: she ascended the rock, and on casting her eyes on the opposite shore, she saw the grand-daughter of the old widow sitting at the cottage door, engaged in lively conversation with a young goatherd, who was seated on a stone at her feet: he appeared wholly regardless of his flock, which he had driven to this spot, without considering how they were to be fed, and while engaged with the young maiden, allowed them to spread abroad on the barren strand, to search in vain for their accustomed sustenance. "This young girl," thought Savinia, "is already consoled for her sister's absence, while I—I shall never accustom myself to think, to meditate, to live without mine. Oh! who could have told me that so tender an attachment could ever become my torment! that I should come to the rock of the Savinias to grieve and bewail without my sister; to mourn over a calamity of which she is ignorant. Here was her place—here she sat—from our infancy she was here at my side—now I am here alone; and even were she here, she would no longer be my Savinia: these poplars are no longer our emblem; this rock is no longer ours; it is Leonia's.—'Twas here Valrive saw her for the first time; 'twas here he vowed eternal love to her alone. I am here but a stranger: no more shall I adorn with flowers this place once so dear; but every day I will revisit it in secret to pour forth my lamentations. Oh thou, whose existence shall always form a part of mine—Oh my sister, canst thou be happy when I am wretched? Must I disclose my griefs that you may share them—can you no longer read my heart? True it is, that in the first moments of extreme surprise I could not participate your happiness, but has this unnatural emotion broken the bonds of sympathy by which we were united? 'Tis impossible: no, my heart is not altered, can thine admit of change?" Plunged in these melancholy reflections, the wretched Savinia covered with her hands her face, overspread with tears; she wished to hide all surrounding objects from her sight. She was buried in a mournful and deep reverie, when she heard footsteps on the bank: it was Valrive who was looking for Leonia: on seeing Savinia in tears on the rock, he imagined it was she: he imagined that the recollection of their first interview had overpowered her; he fell on his knees at its foot. Savinia shuddered, and said, "Go, go, it is

not she." Valrive in astonishment goes up the rock, seats himself by her side, and questions her with the most tender interest. Savinia violently agitated by the mistake she had occasioned, and by the passionate look she had attracted, at first answered only by her tears; at length she said that she was uneasy about her future prospects, that she could not conquer her fears respecting the unknown husband that was destined for her.—Valrive repeated his friend's praises with enthusiasm. "You have already told me all this:" said Savinia, "your friend, no doubt, is amiable and virtuous, but shall I please him? will he love me?"—"Can you doubt it? My dear Savinia, you will be adored." "You cannot persuade me to that." Valrive wished to turn the conversation on his friend: Savinia sighed, grew inattentive, rose, and went down the rock with him.

Two days after, Valrive set out with Mulsain. His departure overwhelmed Leonia. Savinia, who participated but too strongly in her feelings, thought that she felt but for herself; but her sorrows were diminished by the recovery of her companion. Leonia's affection assumed a character of violence, that terrified and hurt Savinia. "Sister," said she, "you weep as I would were we separated." "Ah!" replied Leonia, "do not compare our friendship to any other sentiment." "Nevertheless you are in despair, though your Savinia is near you! what a change is caused in our destiny by this stranger, who excites your tears!" "What a name do you give him! Can the object of my love be a stranger in your eyes?" "I was so happy before we knew him."—"Well!" "Well! am I still equally dear to you?" At this unexpected question, an expression of the most melancholy surprise shewed itself in all the features of Leonia. "Great God!" she exclaimed, "can my sister no longer read my heart? she questions me, she doubts, she accuses me; she is jealous of my sentiments for Valrive! Listen to me, my sister, I love him, I love this young man, whose death I mourned even before I could distinguish his figure; whose generous courage I admired before I knew his name—this virtuous and humane youth, whom I saw rushing into the waves, and hazarding his life to save that of a poor boatman. I love him—but if it be necessary to sacrifice my love to your happiness, to your tranquillity, I renounce Valrive, though with sorrow, yet certainly without merit, and without an effort. In giving up all for you, I feel that I do but yield to an irresistible impulse—I do but yield to necessity." "Oh, my sister," cried Savinia, interrupting her, and throwing herself into her arms, "I feel at length how guilty I have been." Sighs prevented her speech. Leonia in vain attempted to console her; the tenderest expressions of her love but augmented the bitterness of her remorse. Savinia shuddered at the thought of having been the secret rival of this sister so dear, so deserving of her love; she trembled at the thought of passing her life with him whom she could not love without a crime, and whom she must incessantly view in comparison with the husband she received with so much unwillingness. But the necessity she felt of concealing a secret from Leonia, was the consummation of her wretchedness. "How!" said she, "I dissemble with my sister—I deceive

her. She reveals the inmost secrets of her soul, and I—I no longer repose any confidence in her! Alas—she can lay open her heart; she has nothing to disguise—she can always act with the same candour. How! has my sister virtues that I no longer possess! Are her praises to be no longer the echo of my own—what do I say? they must excite my blushes; they will overwhelm me: I must say to myself, our resemblance exists no longer." Yielding to such gloomy meditations, Savinia shed torrents of tears; the chagrin which preyed upon her had such a visible effect upon her health, that Antonia and Leonia were seriously alarmed.—They remarked her paleness and the alteration of her appearance; they questioned her. She told them, that the expectation of a husband whom she had never seen, excited a sensation of unconquerable alarm. They wrote to Valrive and Mulsain to hasten their return; but the important affairs which multiplied on their hands, detained them against their will: she lost her sleep, and as she always lay near her sister, she waited with impatience until Leonia was asleep, that she might give free vent to the tears she had so long restrained. One morning, Leonia was awakened at day-break, by the noise of thunder and a furious tempest: the two sisters rose, and when the storm had abated, they went out, crossed the garden, and entered the alley that led to the borders of the lake. On casting their eyes upon the rock, an involuntary sentiment of superstition caused them both to shudder: the wind had broken the two poplars that had been planted on their birth-day: the proud tops of those beloved trees, whose growth had kept pace with theirs, still united though in ruin, and adhering by the bark alone to the trunk, had fallen into the lake, and hung withered and blasted in the waters. Savinia flung herself into her sister's arms: "Oh my sister," she exclaimed, "what a dreadful presage!" "Why should it alarm you," replied Leonia, "does it not portend a similar destiny to both." She sat down pale and trembling at the foot of the rock. After a long and gloomy silence, the two sisters arose, and without venturing to speak, resumed in silence the path to the house. On entering the garden, Savinia found herself so much exhausted, that she was forced to rest in the little pavilion, which had been built for them when children, and which had been named THE TEMPLE OF HAPPINESS. While they were reclining on a seat, Savinia raising her languid eyes, shuddered when she fixed her eyes on the inscription. "Happiness!" said she, she paused, her eyes filled with tears. "Yes," she continued, "it was rightly named; yes, we have tasted happiness." "Dearest sister," said Leonia, "can you relinquish your claim to it, when I am still the same, when every thing promises the happy certainty of never separating? of what consequence is our change of condition? we love each other, we shall never part; what is passing within your disturbed heart? you sigh; can you endure to suffer alone? by keeping silence you may deprive me of my rights, but you cannot prevent me from feeling, from grieving, from sinking beneath my sorrow, from dying with you!" "Oh! this is too much," said Savinia, casting herself on her knees before her sister; "learn then my weakness,

my crime, and my remorse. This Savinia, who would joyfully sacrifice herself for you, if you could survive her; this Savinia, this moiety of yourself, in a moment of distraction, has separated her being from yours; she has envied your happiness, she was your rival. Will you believe it, while you blessed your destiny, I groaned over mine: while you were thanking heaven—oh monstrous sin! I murmured; though I saw you happy, I wept. By thus breaking the bond of union formed by nature, I tore myself from my own soul: this unnatural exertion has broken my heart, has consumed my faded existence. My fatal passion has been quenched in my tears; I weighed it against our friendship, and it was forgotten; nothing now remains to shew it had existed, but a mournful astonishment and remorse that never can be effaced." At these words, overcome by the excess of agonising emotions, she sunk in silence on her sister's knees. Surprise and grief had petrified Leonia; she remained motionless and silent. At length raising her almost lifeless sister, and clasping her to her breast; "well," said she with a firm tone of voice, "I abjure it; I abjure this sentiment that has been the torture of your life. I will never more see this stranger, whose presence has disunited our thoughts and wishes; I renounce the bonds of marriage." "What do you say? Gracious heaven, you drive me to despair. No, let him come; let this generous, this noble Valrive claim your promise. He is now in my eyes but an affectionate brother. I will gladly unite myself with his friend. Thy happiness shall be the harbinger of mine." Savinia expressed herself with all the energy of real feeling: Leonia doubted not her sincerity; but this melancholy discovery deprived her irrecoverably of her tranquillity. Savinia at first felt relieved at having thus unbosomed herself to her sister, but when she observed the fixed melancholy and depression of Leonia, she repented of what she had done, and her cutting remorse drove her to despair. Deprived of rest, of hope, or consolation, she sunk beneath her accumulated miseries; her blood was inflamed; a raging fever brought her in a few days to the border of the grave. The wretched Antonia sent an express to Geneva. Mulsain and Valrive hastened to the scene of misery. Leonia, pale, distracted, silent, sat by her sister's bed; she shed no tear; she uttered not a word; she never broke this deadly silence, but to forbid Valrive from entering her sister's chamber, and to refuse to admit him to her sight.

(To be continued.)

(For the Monthly Museum.)

THE LIFE OF MUSARIUS.

To you, thrice happy few, who are capable of distinguishing my merit, and appreciating my worth, I dedicate this short sketch of the life of one, who in every age and clime has had some share of public notice, since the world was created. To other ears, indeed, I am afraid my story would be entirely unsatisfactory, if not unintelligible—but

to you, whose genius leads you to study my qualifications, I hope the following will not be wholly unacceptable.

With regard to my birth and parentage, I imagine it would not add much to the entertainment of the present short memoir, to take up your time by tracing out either one or the other. I shall, therefore, as many others have done before me, pass it by in silence, and suppose for the present, what is pretty generally believed, that I am of celestial origin, and that my father's name was Apollo, who, bye the bye, had his whimsies as well as myself—one of the most prominent is, his having quitted our terrestrial abode, on the overthrow of his darling favourites, the Greeks and Romans; firmly believing, no doubt, that Harmony and they ceased to exist together—in this, however, I must be so undutiful as to differ very materially from my honoured parent, for reasons which the reader will easily divine—So much for my parentage.

Like many other children when young, I was weak and subject to disease, which plainly indicated I was never intended for labour—accordingly, my father, like a very kind parent, used his best endeavours to form my mental faculties, as he could not my bodily ones.—After a vast deal of argument, pro and con, which he and the other divinities had together on the subject, it was unanimously agreed that the stage was, for many weighty reasons, the most eligible for me, and accordingly, without ever asking my advice on the occasion, he gave me to understand, that I should prepare, without any loss of time, for entering on that profession. This, so far from displeasing me, pleased me mightily, and I accordingly set about the business directly. My alacrity pleased my father so well, that he charged himself with the trouble of engaging a suitable company of performers for me—and as these bear a considerable part in our economy, it may not be thought unnecessary to say something of each performer's merit respectively. There are eight in all. This complement, some think, is not enough, while others are satisfied with less: indeed, a Frenchman, known by many to be a good judge of their powers, was perfectly satisfied with three. The names of the performers are as follow:

1 Tonicus	5 Dominantus
2 Super-Tonicus	6 Sub-Mediantus
3 Mediantus	
4 Sub-Dominantus	7 Sensibulus
	8 Octavus.

Tonicus is a consequential sort of a man, that would fain be the first and the last in all pieces, but in this he is sometimes disappointed. However, he is a very useful person, and one that cannot be done without, being the standard for all our proportions; because, wherever Tonicus is, Mediantus must be the third in rank after him, Dominantus the fifth, and Octavus the eighth. My reason for mentioning these three in particular, is because Tonicus and they agree in their natures better than any of the others: it is for this reason they can all be heard together with the greatest delight, which would not be the case were they combined with any of the others.—The next is—

Supertonicus.—This performer often acts the part of an attendant on Tonicus, at the conclusion of a piece.

Mediantus is of some importance in the company—his spirits,

however, are often depressed, and he is subject to melancholy fits.—On such occasions, the piece he performs in partakes of his humour; in fact, so do all the company, myself not excepted, because we have all a regard for him on account of his sweet and easy disposition.

Sub-Dominantus is a quarrelsome old man. He is always complaining, and never satisfied with his part, but eternally wishing to give it away to another. Mediantus being a half brother of his, he generally prevails on him to take it. Indeed, after having had a quarrel with Dominantus, which is often the case, he flies off in a passion, and delivers his part to Mediantus, without any apology whatever; but his relative being sometimes out of the way, he is obliged to beg the favour of another, and Dominantus is oftentimes condescending enough to do it for him. You will ask me, perhaps, why not part with such a character; I answer, that if I did, spite of his foibles, I might get a worse.

Dominantus is very fond of authority, and being highly sensible of his own importance in the company, he takes upon himself the office of major-domo—indeed, to sum up his character in one word, he is at all times a bold commanding personage. At the conclusion of our pieces, he generally contrives to make himself very prominent, in order to attract notice.

Sub-Mediantus.—This character being very like the third-mentioned performer, both in manners and appearance, supersedes the necessity of my saying any thing more about him.

Sensibulus is a young man of very nice and delicate feelings—he generally leads the way for Octavus at a close.

Octavus.—This is a younger brother to Tonicus; but then they are so very like one another, that by those who don't know them well, one is often mistaken for the other; indeed, their natures being so much alike, I find no difficulty in often substituting one for the other.

There are also several assistant characters; but being so well known, I need not mention them in particular.

Having thus given a short description of the merits and demerits of each performer, it now comes in turn to relate our adventures, which I shall accordingly do in the following very brief manner:

The first place we were taken any notice of, was in the island of *Major-key*, and here, indeed, we met with great success, considering our inexperience in the profession; however, we got acquainted with several friends, who gave us all the assistance in their power. Indeed, I shall never forget the kindness of three nations in particular, who shewed themselves our friends, when we most stood in need of their help. At the instance of one of these, I was induced to try the island of *Minor-key*, and here, likewise, we met with a very flattering reception, though not so great, however, as in the former mentioned island.—By the advice and skill of several European friends, I was enabled to make very considerable improvements in the company; one of the greatest I consider to be, the art of timing all our words and actions by certain rules; this prevents one from encroaching on the other, and thereby producing discord and confusion. In fact, it

may aptly be compared to a fence of staves and bars, calculated to prevent the egress of one, or the ingress of another. All this time, however, we were still very far short of perfection, till through the kindness of a friend, I got introduced to one, who, like myself, can boast of a celestial origin, but was then wandering about the world, in hopes of finding some friend, whose house he might be welcome to—his name is Harmonicus. This was the very person I wanted; I had often heard of him before, but never had an opportunity of becoming acquainted with him till now. He, by his penetration, discovered, and by his skill, brought to perfection, the different abilities of each performer. It was he discovered that Tonicus, Dominantus, and Octavus, could all be heard together at one and the same time, with more pleasure than when taken separately. That by an easy transition, they could deliver their respective parts to Super-Tonicus, Sub-Dominantus, and Sensibulus, Dominantus still holding his place, and that having rested themselves sufficiently by the change, Tonicus, and his companions, could resume their parts, to the delight of the hearers. But it would take volumes to count the improvements made by the indefatigable industry of Harmonicus.—'Twas by his skill that various instruments were made for our accommodation.

From the high tow'ring pile of sound majestic,
Whose enchanting frame displays
Rows upon rows of golden color'd columns—
Down to the shrill-toned fife or whistle,
All are thine.
And if I'd count thy worth, Harmonicus,
I'd even say—
Without thy presence, life itself,
With wealth and honour joined to the account,
Would value little more than bubbles
On the ocean.

(For the Monthly Museum.)

DETACHED ANECDOTES.

SPANISH NEGROES.

The negroes in the Spanish governments of Caraccas and Venezuela, are allowed a privilege which renders their state much less wretched than that of their fellow-sufferers in the other West Indian colonies. If any of this class be treated unjustly or cruelly by his master, he is at liberty to carry a complaint to a judge, and to demand a change of servitude on getting the sum of three hundred dollars paid down. The consequence is, that he has thus the means of passing into the hands of a proprietor of known humanity.

JEWISH DIVORCE.

The common mode of separation between man and wife among the Jews, was by the man giving the woman a letter of divorce.—This in their language is called *Gheth*, and the substance of it is to the following effect:—"On such a day, month, and year, I A. divorce you voluntarily, put you away, and restore you to your liberty, even you B. who wast heretofore my wife, and I permit you to marry whom you please."—When the day of divorce comes, the Rabbi that attends, having strictly examined both parties, and finding that they are resolved to part, bids the woman open her hands, and when she has received the deed, to close them both together, lest it should chance to fall to the ground. The man when

he gives her the parchment, on which the divorce must be written, in the presence of two Rabbins, and with many other trifling circumstances, tells her, "here is thy divorce, I put thee away from me, and leave thee at liberty to marry whom thou pleasest." When the woman has taken it, and the Rabbi read it over once more, she is entirely free. They always endeavoured to have ten or twelve persons, besides the two witnesses who signed the deed, to be present at the ceremony.

(To the Editor of the Monthly Museum.)

SIR,

MEDITATIONS among the tombs are profitable: but, in general, I am apprehensive, they are less serious than they ought to be. The reason of this appears to be the fantastic taste of mankind, with respect to sepulchral monuments; the unappropriate ornaments that commonly distinguish them, and the still more ridiculous and inapplicable inscriptions which they exhibit. Why should the Pantheon, and the numerous fanciful stores of mythology, be resorted to, for images to adorn the tomb of a christian? and why should any language appear on the tablet but such as is accordant to truth, adapted to the character of the deceased, and calculated to impress on the mind of the beholder, sentiments of the most important and affecting nature? But too frequently do we see reason and truth set at open defiance, even in the very monuments which, in respect to art, are indeed elegant, but are neither consonant to the faith of the christian spectator, nor to his recollection of the character of the person to whose memory it is dedicated. Every such piece of marble, whose red veins, as a witty writer observes, blushes for the lies it tells, is in fact a monument of his disgrace, and a perpetration of infamy unto the deceased. It would be easy to produce many instances of this false friendship and absurd pride, in various parts of the kingdom, and particularly in the metropolis; but such a deduction would be considered as a piece of calumny, almost as bad as that which is here censured.—While such instances of vanity as this excite sentiments of pity and indignation in the minds of all ingenious observers, the ridiculous and nonsensical inscriptions which the lowly grave stones of our churchyards present us with in abundance, raise in us emotions of risibility. We are not affected with suitable ideas of mortality, arising from the variety of cases which this great receptacle of the dead exhibits to our view, but with those of mirth and humour, at the expense of their well-meaning, but simple, surviving friends. I have often thought that the minister of every parish should exert himself in endeavouring, at least, to prevent such epitaphs as we generally see, from appearing upon tomb-stones. Suitable and striking passages of scripture would be more becoming, and certainly would stand a greater chance of being improving, than any poetical inscriptions whatever. How much more so must they be, than those violations of metre, orthography, sense, and even decency, with which every country church yard abounds.

Of such epitaphs, and of some others which have nothing save their singularity to recommend them, I have selected some, and shall with your approbation continue them monthly, under the title of the "EPITAPH COLLECTION," and with every wish for the success of your valuable and interesting Miscellany, I remain your's, &c.

JOSEPHUS.

THE EPITAPH COLLECTION.

"Every stone that we look upon, in this repository of past ages, is both an entertainment, and a monitor."

Plain Dealer, Vol. I. No 42.

Epitaph in a country church-yard, Cornwall:

Here I lie without the walls,
Because there is no room within,
They kept such brawls:
Here I lie, and have no rent to pay,
And yet I lie as warm as they.

In Wear Giffard church-yard, Devon:

God left us not to mourn
One for the other;
We was laid here
Both in one day together;
Where we must sleep
Until our heavenly king
Doth call us up
His praises for to sing.

In the same—

In learning was my study most,
Off it I did not brag nor boast;
Arithmetic do that I could
And keeper of an English school.

If this epitaph strikes us on account of its vanity and absurdity, the following is pleasing enough, from its being a simple chronicle of an extraordinary man, and that, as well told, perhaps, as many of the lofty and pompous inscriptions which are in the abbey of Westminster:

Beneath this stone, in sound repose,
Lies William *Rich*, of Lyde and Close:
Eight wives he had, yet none survive,
And likewise children eight times five;
From whom an issue vast did pour
Of great grand-children five times four.
Rich born, *Rich* bred, but fate adverse
His wealth and fortune did reverse.
He lived and died immensely poor,
July the 10th, aged ninety-four.

In Biddeford church-yard, Devon—

The wedding-day appointed was,
And wedding-clothes provided;
Before the nuptial day, alas!
He sicken'd and he die died!

Epitaph on an Undertaker—

By *coffin fits*, I made my bread,
A *fit of coughing* laid me dead.

(To be continued.)

Poetry.

NAVAL ADDRESS.

On the projected *Break-water* at Portland—written, and spoken for the benefit of Mr. Wright, of the Hay-market, at the Theatre-royal, Weymouth, by W. H. HALPIN, of that Theatre.

Spoken as entering.] Belay—belay your main-deck; yarely trim,
And let a Tar for once indulge his whim.
Nay, why so boist'rous—helm's a weather now!
Say what you will, 'fore George I'll make my bow.
Rushing in.] What cheer good hearts—heaven bless your smiling faces,
Here Venus reigns, and here preside the graces.
Nay, blush not ladies, search the world around,
Where beauty *is*, and rapture *may be* found,
What Tar is silent then, or fails to praise
The lovely vessel scudding *under stays*?
Give but a smile—the blue wave floating nigh
Reflects the lustre of each beaming eye.
Or heaves the breast where love alone should dwell,
The conscious tide avows the gentle swell.

But hold, 'vast heaving! weightier matters now,
Chase beauty's smile, and ask the serious brow,
Here, on this deck, I pipe "all hands to man,"
Midships—maintop—and royals!—hear the plan
That waits to crown your fortunes—swell your sails,
And bear ye on life's tide with fresher gales.

As late down channel ('twas a stormy night)
Our sheet thrice reef'd, and Portland Beal in sight,
We stood to windward—soon—Oh! strange to tell,
The gale was ceased, and lull'd the Ocean's swell.
A glowing halo 'fore our bow appear'd,
And straight the Sea-God's form we saw uprear'd;
His massy trident in his hand he bore,
Whilst laughing tritons led his car before.

The mist dispell'd, Neptune these orders gave,
" Whilst Britain's fleet triumphant rides the wave,
" Whilst the proud flag in bold defiance flows,
" And scowls with vengeful ire upon her foes;
" Should storms oppose, or tempests mar their sails,
" Or the tall mast bow to untoward gales;
" Forc'd, from the *elements alone*, to fly,
" And seek the shelter of their native sky,
" Even here a place of safety I ordain,
" Where waves shall roll, and tempests urge in vain,
" Be that *my* charge; as when the sons of Troy,
" Led by Eneas, and his warrior-boy,
" By direst envy, and the wrath of heaven,
" Were to the gates of wide destruction driv'n,
" I snatch'd the helm—then gave to Palinure,
" To gain a haven friendly and secure;
" And whilst young hope sat smiling on the bow,
" To new-rais'd Carthage led each trembling prow.
" Here shall a massy pile in order rise,
" O'ertopping mountain waves that kiss the skies;
" And warding off the surge that strikes its base,
" Repel the incessant turmoil of "*the Race.*"
" Commerce again, her white sails shall extend,
" And hither steer to claim a *new* rais'd friend;
" Even proudest fleets, distrest, shall hither rove,
" And PORTLAND'S ISLE a second Carthage prove."

His orders given, Neptune his trident mov'd,
And sought again the oozy shades he lov'd.

W. H. H.

Aug. 13, 1814.

SONG.

The "*Emerald Isle*;" adapted to the Irish air, "My Lodging is on the cold ground."

I.

There is a sweet island that's seen in the west,
With green-vested mountain and vale;
The fountains of health find their source in her breast,
And her breath plumes the spice-breathing gale:
No venomous reptile lies hid in her groves;
Her bosom no serpents defile,
When Virtue and Truth lead the graces and loves,
O'er the face of the "EMERALD ISLE."

II.

But where is this Eden that lies in the west,
Where the fountains of health ever flow?
This Queen of all Islands is ERIN the blest'd,
Where the scions of honour still grow.
Oh! search the wide world to its furthermost bound,
And where Houries of Paradise smile,
You will find that no place with such beauty is crown'd,
As the sea-circled "EMERALD ISLE."

III.

Oh! did I possess all the lands of the globe—
Were the wealth of the universe mine,
Give me but a spot on my ERIN'S green robe,
And the world—and its wealth, shall be thine.

Thrice happy were I, should I waste all my youth,
From my country in lonely exile,
To enjoy my last years with some daughter of truth,
A maid of the "EMERALD ISLE."

IV.

For no land of such feminine excellence boasts,
To the utmost extremes of the earth,
As the green-breasted isle of the azure-zoned coasts,
Where female perfection had birth:
From the east to the west—from the pole to the pole—
The sweet maids of the heart-winning wile,
Are the white-bosomed fair, who in greatness of soul,
Win the palm to the "EMERALD ISLE."

Belfast, May, 1814.

WORDS

Adapted to the Irish melody of "*Lough Sheeling.*"

Oh! lost is the song that awakened my soul,
And stole o'er my senses with magic controul,
And lone is this chill heart, so sad and forlorn,
I think but to weep—and I smile but to mourn.

Farewell thou soft vision—thou pulse of my heart,
A pilgrim I wander, since fate bade us part—
Where not one bright sun-beam shines over my way,
Nor morn o'er my night-path emits one kind ray.

A SUBSCRIBER.

OCCASIONAL ADDRESS,

Written by CHARLES PHILLIPS, Esq. and spoken by Mr. PAYNE, at his benefit in Cork, Sept. 1814. The play was Douglas—Douglas, Mr. Payne; Lady Randolph, Miss O'Neill. The farce Catherine and Petruchio—Catherine, Miss O'Neill; Petruchio, Mr. Payne. The house was crowded with a most fashionable and elegant audience.

Who has not felt—by fate impell'd to roam—
The holy spell that binds the heart to home?
Who, but at times has turned the tearful eye
To the dear, sainted spot of infancy,
Where love, on memory's lip, impress'd the kiss
Of all its innocence and all its bliss;
And led by fancy thro' her fairy bowers,
Youth play'd in sun-beams and repos'd in flowers!

Alas! the exil'd heart alone can tell
The ling'ring sorrows of that sad farewell,
When every trifle some attraction lend,
Claiming the tribute of an early friend;
And all he lov'd, collected on the shore,
Reminds the pilgrim they may meet no more!

Yet there are charms a solace to impart,
Charms e'en to heal the exile's wounded heart—
Charms to repress the sigh, and check the tear,
Make sorrow smile, and render absence dear!
Oh, I can say it—I HAVE FOUND THEM HERE!

Yet little known to fortune or to fame,
Not quite a stranger to thy shores I came.
For far beyond the waste of waters wild
Oft have I mused when Erin's absent child
Taught the rude echoes of my native scene
The varied wonders of his Isle of Green!
HIS ANGEL ISLE! where sorrow never came
To mourn in silence a neglected claim!
Where, though but scant the peasant's humble fare,
The way-worn pilgrim ever found a share;
And the poor host one only wish express'd,
He could make better what his welcome bless'd.

NATURE'S OWN CHILDREN! who that e'er has seen
The Sabbath wonders of thy rustic green,
Where innocence arrayed her village court,
And sires and matrons mingled in the sport—
Who that has seen thee in the battle day,
When war's hoarse clarion roused his red array,
Pouring thy mountain torrent swift and strong,
Where Death career'd, and ruin roll'd along—

Who that has heard the music of thy brakes,
Or seen, like little inland seas, thy lakes,
Where countless diamond islets sweetly shine,
Set in the amber wave by HANDS DIVINE,
But fondly wished thy MISERIES should cease,
And thy SWEET PLAINS FOR EVER SMILE IN PEACE!

Accept, dear Land! all feeling can impart,
The pure and priceless homage of the heart!
Oh! soon may freedom wave her hallow'd wings
Around the home of Heroes and of Kings,
And Peace adorn thee with her ancient smile,
GEM OF THE OCEAN—LOVELY EMERALD ISLE!

The Drama.

DRAMATIC STRICTURES.

THE closing of the Dublin Theatre led us to expect a respite to ourselves from the painful task of censorial inquisition. It was, therefore, our intention to devote the dramatical department of our Miscellany to an inferior subject: the regulation of the wardrobe, pointing out what it was and what it ought to be. Our readers, perhaps, may smile at the idea of such a deviation from mind to matter; of appropriating part of a literary publication, to regulate the concerns of a master taylor; of descending from the office of censors, that of dictators of the shop board. We had many good reasons, backed by high authority, to support us; all of which must now be waved for a subject certainly more intimately connected with the purport of our dramatical strictures. The letter we proceed to lay before the public, proves the correctness of our late judgments, on the managerial conduct of the theatre, by shewing, that the sentiments of the people of Cork, as to the demi-company detached to carry on the summer campaign in that city, exactly corresponds with what we have undeviatingly adhered to here. It serves also as an additional testimony of our zeal for the cause of truth and the public, in securing correspondences wherever we could have an expectation of drawing any materials for their entertainment or instruction. Without farther preface, therefore, we proceed to lay before them the following letter from one of our correspondents, on the state of the theatre of Cork, during the late exhibitions (for we cannot call them performances) of the Dublin demi-company:

"Mr. Boyle, editor of the Cork Freeholder, a paper rendered generally obnoxious by its frequent attacks upon private individuals, attempted to address the audience of the theatre in that city, on the first night it opened (August 20, 1814), and call the managers to account for exhibiting so worthless a company, and so uncomfortable a house. The circumstance which particularly drew him out was the impropriety of permitting the scene between Osrick and Hamlet (the last scene but one of the play) to be acted before the green curtain. The acting manager, Mr. Williams, and Mr. Payne, (who performed Hamlet,) were then on the stage. Mr. Boyle,

however, was immediately hustled: the sheriff came forward to command order, Mr. Boyle, in the frenzy of the scuffle, struck the sheriff, and for that offence was tried, convicted, and sentenced to a fine of fifty pounds, and six months' imprisonment. The trial excited great interest, and the court was crowded to excess.—Counsellor O'Connell defended Mr. Boyle, and in a report of his speech we find the following passage:

"My lord, and gentlemen of the jury—It has been clearly proved and admitted on both sides, that the house, scenery, and performers, with two or three exceptions, were wretched beyond all endurance, and every way inadequate to the rational entertainment or accommodation of the refined and critical audience of Cork. The house was scandalously filthy in its interior, and in its architecture so very insecure, that was found requisite to vanquish the terrors of the public, by proclaiming the opinion of a celebrated architect in its favour, before the managers durst venture to open it! But architects as well as Doctors sometimes disagree, and there are still many well-informed architects, who think it in a most dangerous condition. But when it did open, what a mockery of decoration! The scenery would appear as though it had been raked out of all the barns in the country, so monstrously disproportioned to the extent of the stage, and so unfitted for its uses! In one situation, a thatched cabin represents a royal palace; in another, a waterfall tumbles and foams in the street of a great city; and a grove presents itself for a library with abundance of unlettered leaves, but not one book in the whole collection. The performers, with the exceptions to which I have alluded, worse if possible than the scenery. One of these exceptions is a young lady, an Irish girl, (Miss O'Neill,) whose talents are an ornament to her country, and whose virtues are an honour to her sex—who from the purest and highest motives which can ennoble the human character, has sacrificed those delicacies which emanate from the prejudice against the stage, and prompted to her efforts by the claims of filial and sisterly affection, make us at once revere her principles, as much as we admire her powers. Such a girl, I must confess, bursting through the veil of obscurity in which chance and necessity had shrouded her, into the meridian blaze of public admiration, ought to hallow the disgusting temple in which her divinity is displayed. My lord and gentlemen of the jury, I am particularly charged by my client to contradict a report which has gone abroad, that he went to the theatre for the purpose of attacking Mr. Payne; and attacking him especially on the ground of his being an American, and belonging to a nation with which we are unfortunately at war. Monstrous and unfounded insinuation. Had this been the case I would not have opened my lips in his defence. Mr. Boyle has too expanded a mind, too generous a heart, too just a sense of the rites of hospitality; and Mr. Boyle knows and feels that these countries have a natural and national love and regard for the people of America, who have sprung from the same stock with themselves, and are their descendants and their brethren. Of Mr. Payne's fitness for his rank in the theatre, it does not become me to speak; because

I am honoured with his intimacy as a personal friend; and I must be permitted to add, that a young gentleman of more liberal mind, more affable and interesting manners, and more refined and classical taste, I scarcely ever had the pleasure of being acquainted with."

The Hon. Baron Smith, in charging the jury, made the following observations on the stage:

"Gentlemen, you all know that the stage is an entertainment that has existed from the earliest civilization of all society; it has been known and encouraged for some centuries by every possible means in these countries; it has been regulated and protected by the legislature, and patronised by the kings and princes of the land; it affords the most rational entertainment to man, and edifies while it amuses; its advantages, while under proper regulations, to the morals and instruction of a people, are so many and so prominent, that civilized society can scarcely exist without it in one form or other.—To such an entertainment the public and individuals should come with a desire to be edified, and a resolution to be attentive.—True, every person is at liberty to express his approbation or disapprobation of what is going forward in the scene; but this privilege should, instantly, arise out of the passing incidents of the moment. The public, or any part of them, may clap or hiss—that is, applaud or condemn, as the impression is given them, from what they hear or see on the instant; but no *individual* has a right, or should assume the privilege of interrupting the entertainment of the many.—This, gentlemen, I think, and you will admit, is a proper and necessary distinction: for should it be allowed to *every* individual who enters a theatre, to disturb the harmony of the many, there would be no end, no limit to the disorder. When such an occurrence takes place, the established and natural remedy is adopted—FORCE—the many assert their privilege, and apply to the offender the *monitor manui imponere*. The most summary mode of redress is resorted to, the offending individual meets his correction from the aggrieved, and is hustled or thrown out, to preserve the general harmony. Such was the fate the traverser met with on this occasion. The Sheriff interposed—he commanded order—he displayed the insignia of his high office—his mandate should have been instantly obeyed, though it had been founded in injustice; those to whom it was issued had not the will or right to disobey his order, which should have been reserved to another time and place."

In these, as well as in any of our strictures, we strongly protest against the idea of any intention on our part to depreciate the general merits of individual performers. The company is engaged by the managers: if any performer is intruded into parts for which he is inadequate, the managers are alone to blame. The performer always does his best; personal exertion is his interest: the profits of his benefit in a great measure depend on it. When, therefore, we speak in terms of disapprobation on a particular part being filled by an actor unequal to it, our censure is directed, as every candid judge must perceive, solely against those by whose perversity of taste or negligence the fault is committed.—We have heard many rumours relative to the opening of the theatre for next winter; and

many high-sounding names are mentioned. We have laid down one general rule to regulate our opinion as to any improvements in this point, and which yet has never failed: "that he who expects least, will be least disappointed."

Miss O'Neil has appeared in London, and has been received with great applause; the public papers seem at a loss for terms to express their feelings; and even when the hyperbole of expression, dictated either by interest or fashion, in which the London prints so peculiarly abound, is lowered to the standard of nature and probability, enough remains to establish an undisputed claim to excellence. We rejoice at it. We rejoice to see a germ of Ireland triumphing over British intellect and British beauty, as Irish valour has already proved its undisputed superiority in the fields of honour. We are proud to find that the opinion boldly pronounced in our Magazine on this young actress' merits, at a time too when every other periodical paper was silent or indifferent, has been confirmed by the sentence of a tribunal, whose decisions in ma ters of taste are final. While we regret our loss as individuals, our feelings for our country and for our own character as critics, are triumphant; they are those of a parent for a lost child in the day of victory.

We had reason to expect the return of Mr. Payne (the American Roscius) to this capital. It is with regret we have to state, that from causes unnecessary to be detailed, this expectation is not likely to be realized.

Monthly Register.

RETROSPECT OF THE AFFAIRS OF EUROPE.

Monthly Museum Office, 27th Oct. 1814.

No tidings have as yet reached us of the proceedings of the Congress at Vienna, which assembled in the course of this month. Instead of indulging in vague speculations on the probable results of this long looked for assembly, the expected restorer of the golden age, we have to record facts, equally interesting to us, although not so important in settling the balance of Europe, and certainly both singular and unlooked for.

The American war, which was to have been carried on with overwhelming vigour at the termination of European hostilities, seems to have been conducted on a plan apparently well devised. A formidable expedition from Canada, under Sir G. Prevost, was to invade the Northern States, while the other parts of the Union were to be kept in such a state, by a system of predatory warfare from our fleets, as to prevent efficient opposition to the main attack. The latter part of this plan has had as great success as could be expected from such a mode of warfare. Our troops land, ravage, and retreat. The enemy is harassed, and much private property is destroyed. But while the enemy's forces are harassed, they are disciplined, and while the property of the inhabitants is ruined, their minds are whetted into irreconcileable hostility. The name of Englishman, heretofore disagreeable to an American citizen, must now become detestable. The principal attempt of this nature was on the river Potomac, up which a large fleet sailed under the command of Sir A. Cochrane, having on board a select body of troops under General Ross, spreading alarm and devastation wherever it approached. At length a landing was made at Benedict, on the right bank of the Patuxent, and while the naval part of the expedition sailed upwards, to attack a division of American

gun-boats, commanded by Commodore Barney, which they succeeded in destroying, the army proceeded in a similar direction along the shore. For some time no opposition was presented. Encouraged by success, it was determined to make an attempt to seize Washington, and on the 24th of August, four days after the landing had been effected, the army was at Bladensburg, a village on the left bank of the eastern branch of the Patuxen, about five miles from the capital, where the American army was posted to receive them.

We waive any attempt at describing the particulars of an engagement so differently recounted by the contending parties.—The Americans were defeated after a short but stubborn resistance, and the same evening the English entered Washington. The night and ensuing day were employed in destroying the public buildings, among which were the capitol, where the congress assembled, the President's house, and a printing-office. The general, apprehensive of an attack from superior numbers, hastily retreated on the night of the 25th, and embarked on the 29th at the same place where he had landed, leaving his wounded behind him. The next incursion was directed against Baltimore, a town peculiarly hostile to British influence, whose destruction, therefore, it was hoped, would be a source of superior triumph to the British, and of despondency to the Republicans. To accomplish this object, the troops were disembarked on the 12th September, near North Point, on the left bank of the river Patapsco, about thirteen miles distant from Baltimore. The American army retreated on the approach of the enemy. The British pushed forward, and the advance was engaged, when General Ross received a wound in his breast, of which he died, while conveying to the ship. Within five miles of Baltimore they came up to the American army, which gave way on the first onset, and retreated to Baltimore.—The British continued still to advance, and were within a mile and a half of that city, when it was found that the enemy had made such preparations by water, as totally prevented the co-operation of the fleet in an attack. Orders were therefore given for a retreat, which was effected without loss or disturbance from the native troops, and on the 15th they again embarked. So ended this expedition.

In the revolutionary war of France, we read that the two armies in La Vendée, that of the republicans and the wretched loyalists, whom their present king instigated to insurrection, without affording them any of the means of success, were commanded by two brothers. Circumstances somewhat similar are very likely to occur in this war. Among the numbers of Irish who fled from home to America during the horrors of 1798, many must have been engaged; we have heard of one affecting instance.—An officer in the British service, when in Washington, was accosted by an American, whom he at length recognised to be an old school-fellow in Dublin. Such are the consequences to individuals in this unnatural war.

This predatory system is not confined to the main fleet of the British. A district to the north of New Hampshire, ceded to the United States at the peace of 1783, but ever since thinly peopled, from the severity of the climate, and the few opportunities for mercantile speculations, has been also attacked; its defenceless state has compelled it to a temporary submission to the invaders.

In the mean time the great British army, amounting to 14,000 men, commanded by Sir G. Prevost, advanced on the side of Canada. It met with but little opposition till it came to Plattsburg, a strong post on the borders of Lake Champlain, where the Americans had entrenched themselves.—The British prepared to force this position, aided in the attempt by a squadron of a frigate, a brig, two sloops, and ten gun-boats. The American naval force was somewhat superior. The action began with the fleets. Early in the engagement, the English Commodore Downie was killed, and at the end of two hours, the whole of the British force, with the exception of some of the gun-boats, were in the possession of the Americans. The land army, who were at the time preparing to storm the American lines, on seeing the discomfiture of their fleet, retreated; and the territory of the United States has been evacuated as rapidly as it was entered. The losses to the British, in most of these expeditions, particularly the last, have been very severe.

While these scenes of blood are acted between the British and Americans on the other side of the Atlantic, the negociators of both nations are sedulously engaged in endeavouring to restore the relations of amity between the nations. We have every motive to cause us to wish for a favourable result of this negociation; as every day must make America acquainted with

her own powers, and with the advantages of being independent of strangers for her principal manufactures; thus rendering the war more easy, and diminishing the inclination for peace.

The discontents of Spain are beginning to shew themselves. Mina, one of the most active and successful of the native leaders, in expelling the French, and restoring the wretched Ferdinand, suddenly disappeared, but was soon again heard of in an attempt to seize Pampeluna, the capital of Navarre. He is said to be at the head of between five and six thousand men. Accounts from Spain, owing to the suspicious severity of the government, are very hard to be gained, and very little to be relied on. Arrests, it is said, multiply in Madrid.—Ninety were seized in one night, and the seizures are so numerous, that a convent has been converted into a prison. This system of severity spreads such dismay, that persons are emigrating as fast as possible. Ferdinand "the beloved" has ordered all property styled national, whether belonging to private persons or to the clergy, to be restored to the legitimate proprietors, without any indemnity to the persons who had purchased it.

In Ireland the rumours of insurrection and disturbance have died away. The barony of Middlethird, in Tipperary, which had been proclaimed under Mr. Peel's act, has been declared to be perfectly tranquil by the magistrate who had been sent down to superintend it. We trust that these acts will hereafter lie a dead letter on the statute book.

MONTHLY OCCURRENCES.

FOREIGN.

Late fall of Stones in France.—M. Lamboureux, an able naturalist, and an eye-witness of a fall of stones at Agen, has transmitted the following relation to the Institute, the general depot of all that is scientific and curious in France:—"At eleven in the morning the sky was pure, clear, and transparent, as it is almost always in the Southern provinces, and as it so rarely is on our foggy banks of the Seine. On a sudden, in the north-west, appeared at a great distance a dark cloud, with a very slow motion, and of apparently very circumscribed dimensions; for, at the great altitude at which it was, its diameter did not appear more than a few feet. Presently its motion increased: the cloud rolled over itself with a noise resembling that of a continual thunder. A terrible explosion took place; the noise ceased; the cloud divided itself; at the same instant, the inhabitants of several communes were struck with terror at seeing falling around them stones of a very considerable size, making holes in the earth several inches in depth. The Count de Villeneuve, prefect of the department, has collected several of them.

M. Lamboureux has sent his brother, who is very curious in such researches, to the place, to obtain all the information he can procure. The stones collected at Agen resemble those found at L'Aigle, Landes, and other places, but they are of a clearer grey, and a thinner consistency. If they came from the moon, they must have belonged to a more refined manufacture than we have hitherto seen. M. Lamboureux proposes to deposit these beautiful specimens at the Institute, and we shall then be better able to judge of them.

Posting.—It is the universal custom now in France to make the oats, which are ground, into a loaf, which they cut or break into small pieces, and throwing water upon it in a trough, the horse eats and digests it much more readily, than when given him in the natural state of oats.

BRITISH.

The following singular circumstance took place lately:—On the arrival of the Dover mail-coach at Rochester, on its way to town, the guard was unexpectedly and peremptorily called upon by Sharp, the custom-house officer, to deliver up an official parcel in his care, addressed to the Rt. Hon. Lord Castlereagh, purporting to be from his Grace the Duke of Wellington. This the guard with much fear and reluctance complied with: it was opened, and found to contain many small valuable packages, addressed to distinguished persons in this country. Sharp's seizure, of course, was made, but he allowed the mail to continue its journey.

We recollect, during the short peace of Amiens, a seizure being made, immediately on the mail's arriving at the general post office, of a box of lace, in which case the coach and horses were seized, and conveyed to the excise office.

Queen's-square.—Saturday last, an old soldier mounted the parapet of Westmin-

ster bridge, and was on the point of jump into the river, when a gentleman passing, seized, and prevented him from rushing into destruction. The poor fellow, however, made a second ineffectual attempt to throw himself in, when the gentleman brought him to this office, where he stated, that he had been a prisoner in France for nine years; that now, on his return to England, he found no one who cared any thing about him; and that, as "something hung heavily on his mind," he had wished to get rid of life. Mr. Fielding ordered him to be taken care of until he became calm, and aroused to a sense of the danger he had escaped, when he was taken home.

A steam-boat from Dundee, intended for the Humber, arrived in the Tyne on Saturday the 12th instant, passing the bar, on which a heavy sea was running, in capital style. She is 10 feet longer than the Tyne steampacket, draws only three and a half feet water when loaded, and made her passage on Sunday from South Shields to the quay at Newcastle, against the tide, in one hour and twenty minutes.

MARRIAGE.—On Monday last, at St. Lawrence's church, Ramsgate, Richard Keating, Esq. of Baggot-street, in this city, barrister at Law, to Harriet Augusta, third daughter of the late Samuel Joseph, Esq. of Bedford-square, London.

DEATHS.—On the 21st ult. at Ellstree, in the county of Herts, Lieut.-General Robert Bruce, of the Hon. East India Company's service.

Died lately, aged twelve years, Anne Peters, daughter of Edward Peters, nailor, of the Abbey Foregate, in Shrewsbury.—Her coffin measured five feet long by two feet wide, in body. This child had been remarkably corpulent from her birth; but her obesity increased until she became a remarkable spectacle, and her case has been pronounced the "Fat Dropsy." She had eaten a hearty supper, and about three o'clock in the morning breathed two sighs and expired.

LEINSTER.

On Friday, Sept. 30, Alderman John Claudius Beresford, was sworn into office, as Lord Mayor of Dublin, for the ensuing year, and Messrs. Smith and Fleming, into that of High Sheriffs for the same period. The ceremonies and formalities usually attendant on these occasions, were observed in the present instance.

A most extraordinary Phenomenon.—After the great storm of Friday night, the inhabitants of the borough near Howth, were greatly alarmed by the appearance of a large body, carrying with it the semblance of animal life in the greatest perfection. Millons of a species of fish utterly unknown in these latitudes, having heads like the sea parrot, and long bodies filled with a pellucid and gelatinous substance, adhere to a piece of timber, thirty feet long, which appears to have lain in the sea for hundreds of years, and form altogether the most beautiful natural curiosity that has ever been seen in these kingdoms; they are supposed to be natives of the southern ocean, and have been multiplying in myriads on some old wreck, which has lain at the bottom of the sea, till the animation of the whole became capable of floating the great weight to which they adhered. 'Tis well worth the inspection of the curious and scientific, and can easily be viewed at the quarry near Howth.

On Thursday night two females, sisters, hired a car at the Rock, to convey them to Dublin, where, between Williamstown and Merrion, the driver, whose name is James Roe, proceeded to take indecent liberties with them. One of the girls ran to the next house to obtain help; but before she had time to return, notwithstanding the screams and resistance of the other sister, the villian effected his purpose. The Williamstown Police Patrole, who were luckily within hearing, came up and secured him; he was brought before the Magistrates of Duke-street Office the next morning, who, after an examination of the parties, fully committed the ruffian to Newgate to abide his trial at the Commission.

We understand that the girl lies dangerously ill in the Hospital, Mercer-st. and that her sister was knocked down by the fellow, and still bears on her head the mark of the blow.

A similar attempt was made some nights back, by another ruffianly driver, on a female whom he was driving to town, but, through a false delicacy, the woman would not prosecute him.

Complaints are daily lodged at the Head and Duke-street Offices of Police, against the brutality and insolence of those miscreants who ply as car drivers and jingle men on that road; and we hope that some mode will be struck out to protect passengers from the consequences of such conduct.

BIRTHS.—On Friday last, at George's-hill, the Lady of John Paisley, Esq. of a son.

In Merrion-street, the Lady of the Rev. John Hunt, of a Daughter.

MARRIAGES.—On Saturday morning, at St. Peter's Church, by special license, Jane, eldest daughter of the late Richard Grace, of the Queen's County, Esq. M. P. to George Frederick Brooke, Esq. youngest son of the late Francis Brooke, of Colebrooke, Esq. M. P. for the County of Fermanagh.

Yesterday, by the Rev. Mr Bush, Stafford Whittle, Esq. of Thistleboro' county Antrim, to Miss Wallace, of Eccles-street.

On the 19th inst. at Wellesley chapel, by the Rev. Mr. Bushe, Rector of St. George's, Captain B. M. Ball, of the 40th Regiment, to Elizabeth, youngest daughter of the late Cuthbert Feltus, of Hollybrook, in the County of Carlow, Esq.

DEATHS.—On the 10th instant, at Rynd-Ale, County of Meath, James Rynd, Esq.

At a very advanced age, Sir William Worthington; one of the Aldermen of the city of Dublin.

On the 13th of October, 1814, at Rockford, County of Dublin, Mrs. Dance, wife of James Dance, Esq. a Lady pre-eminently distinguished through life for exemplary piety, for unaffected humility, unbounded charity, universal benevolence and compassion.

On the 10th of March last, at Bombay, Mrs. Smith, wife of Colonel Lionel Smith, of the 65th Regiment, and second daughter of T. Galloway, Esq. of Kilkenny.

On Saturday last, in the 19th year of his age, Ensign John Meredith, of the 35th Regiment, third son of Mr. R. D. Meredith, of Earl-street. He fell a victim to the ravages of a consumption, produced from cold (during the severity of the last winter season) occasioned while travelling, and doing the duties of his military avocations. He was a young Gentleman, possessed with natural endowments, which make his early departure so lamentable to his parents and relatives, and a subject of real grief to those with whom he was acquainted.

At Tullamore, in the King's County, Edward Row, Esq.

ULSTER.

Last Saturday night, some midnight ruffians broke the top part of the palisading which fronts the house of Patrick O'Hanlon, Esq. of Newry, and demolished a few panes of glass in one of the windows. Mr. O'Hanlon is at present in England—and the villians took advantage of his absence to perpetrate the act.

MARRIAGE.—At Dunleer, on Friday the 14th inst. by the Rev. Robt. Handcock, D. D. the Rev. Joseph Pilkington, Rector of Upper Langfield, County of Tyrone, to Miss Coddrington, eldest daughter of the Rev. William Coddrington.

DEATH.—On the 18th inst. at Ballygawly, deeply lamented, Miss Falls, only daughter of John Falls, Esq. of Kellylevee, and sister of Alex. Falls, of Ballygawly, Esq.

MUNSTER.

On Monday last, a person, (whose name we at present forbear mentioning, from the respectable character his father bears,) was inspecting men cutting turf near Newport, among whom was a boy, about fifteen years of age, he had twice or thrice reprimanded for laziness; however, when the day's labour was over, and the labourers retired to their respective homes, this person sent his younger brother to the boy's house, with information *that a Piper was playing at a space of ground adjacent, and to come there*; when, shocking to relate, the aforesaid person was waiting for him, with a loaded whip, and struck him several times with the butt end of it, by which he broke the boy's right arm in two places, while in the act of defending his head, but to little purpose, for another blow fractured his skull so severely, that he scarcely lived to be taken home. The perpetrator of this horrid deed, immediately, on finding what he had done, absconded.

On Sunday last, on Sir Harry's Mall, a fine boy of about four years old, the son of Mr. Homan, was left to a servant to take care of, while the family were at their respective places of devotion.—The servant being careless, left the child to play about the kitchen, when the unfortunate little creature fell on his back in the fire, by which he was most severely burnt—his head was also much injured; and though every medical and surgical assistance was immediately procured, it languished until Tuesday, when the unhappy little sufferer died. This, with the many other instances of a similar nature, should be sufficient caution to families to whom they intrust the care of their children, and to servants how they support that trust.

DEATH.—On the 23d ult. at Ross, Miss Jane Whyte, eldest daughter to Mr. S. Whyte, of said place—a young Lady of a most amiable disposition, and highly accomplished.

CONNAUGHT.

At the late County Quarter Sessions of Galway, a case was determined before the Assistant-Barrister as follows: An inhabitant of that town gave a countryman Post Bills of the Bank of John Joyce and Co. for goods. The Bills were accepted—and before they came due the Bank stopped payment. The holder demanded the amount of the Bills in current paper, which was refused: upon which the countryman processed before the Barrister, who decreed in his favour, with costs.

On Saturday the 8th inst. a shocking and most unnatural murder was committed in the townland of Brunnragh. A brother and sister were reaping together on that day, in the same field. An altercation arose between them on some trivial subject, when the brother, inflamed with passion, uttered some angry reflections against the character of the sister. She plunged her reaping hook into his bowels. Death ensued. The miserable fratricide has been transmitted to prison for trial.

BIRTHS.—On the 17th inst. at Castle Lacken, County of Mayo, the Lady of Charles Nesbitt Knox, Esq. of a son and heir.

At Eyrecourt Castle, on the 12th inst. the Lady of M. G. Prendergast, Esq. of a still-born child.

DEATH.—At Lissadian, on the 11th inst. John Donnelly, aged 98 years. This old man was found dead, sitting on his loom, apparently in an attitude of deep sleep, his head leaning on the slairs, and his hand covering his face. He was born in the same room in which he died. In the whole course of his life he had never visited any other towns than Newry, Tandragee, and Warrenpoint. The loom on which he wrought had never been out of the house in which it was made in the year 1682, which date had been notched in one of the posts, by his father. Donnelly preserved the full use of his senses, to the last period of his life. He held but one acre of land—and earned his daily bread by his personal labour on his ancient loom.

COMMERCIAL REPORT.

IT would be a matter attended with much difficulty, to calculate when the present unparalleled state of trade will terminate, and that confidence so essential to the existence of trade be resumed. We fear greatly the time is much farther off than our anxious wishes would hope, as daily we hear of failures, particularly in the North of Ireland, not in the present day to be called extensive, from their debts and deficiencies, which are comparatively small; but one of those failures is of more vital injury to the country at large than is generally known or thought, owing to the number of people whose dependence are on those establishments for the means of support. Of many within our knowledge we will adduce one instance, in itself sufficient to support what we have advanced. Early this month a manufacturing House in Belfast stopped payment, whose debts did not exceed £2000, by which upwards of 200 working people have been thrown out of employment, not taking into consideration their families; and from no demand being for goods in the cotton trade, the Manufacturers are almost universally lessening their establishments, which precludes their hopes of being engaged elsewhere.

The now-existing (almost) impossibility of obtaining discounts in Belfast, and the system pursued by the banks of that town, has been the ruin of many respectable traders. Discounts could not, at any time, be procured in the banks, without a proportion of Dublin paper, (for which they charge at the rate of 1½ per cent. for sixty-one day bills, or 9 per cent. per annum,) equal to one-half of the entire bills—well does the merchant think himself off, even paying this exorbitant interest, provided he receives cash for his bills, as often he is obliged to take an English bill in part payment, at banker's price, that is one per cent. or more above the fair rate of Exchange, according as they suppose he is in want of money, and not having occasion for English bills—he is compelled to substitute it for Dublin paper, to obtain discounts in another bank, or perhaps dispose of it on 'Change to some of the agents of the bank he received it from, at a loss of 2 per cent.

Independant of the heavy expense attending this system, the consequences resulting from it have been found ultimately detrimental. Credits are sometimes too easily obtained on Dublin for mutual benefit, and unnecessarily encrease the trader's risk, by taking bills out of the natural course of their business; and many, by this means, have extended their trade, without once thinking, until too late, the danger of working on a fictitious capital. To this and similar causes may be attributed, *in part*, the present distresses in the manufacturing parts of the kingdom.

The last market at our Linen Hall has been unusually dull, and the quantity sold very inconsiderable.

Colonial and American produce are both at nominal prices in the market, no sales having been made worthy of notice.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

THE annual fair at Ballinasloe took place at the commencement of this month. The following is the return of the sales:

Sheep sold	72,678	
—— unsold	7,602	
Total		80,280
Oxen sold	1,741	
Cows	2,007	
Total sold		3,748
Oxen unsold	3,240	
Cows	2,623	
Total unsold		5,863
Total		9,611

The annual exhibition of shew cattle and adjudication of prizes, by the Farming Society, also proceeded. We hope to have room for some of the most striking particulars in our next month's MUSEUM. At present we must confine ourselves to the following cursory remarks:

The extensive and commodious sheds of the show yard were occupied by a numerous and valuable stock.

Neat Cattle	97
Leicester Sheep	36
South Down ditto	23
Merino ditto	25
Swine	7
Horses	6
Total	194

The gratis bulls were twenty-four in number, and many of them of the best description—so much so, that one of them (amongst many other animals which did not gain any premium) is sire to a yearling long-horned bull, bred by Mr. Sloane, which carried the first prize and medal in classes one and three; and for which bull it is said that one hundred guineas has been since refused. Whether those high rates are judicious, is a question.

In arranging the prices of a breeding stock, intended to benefit the country, much consideration is required; if they be too high, none but amateurs will purchase; if too low, the breeder is disappointed in a fair return of reasonable profit, and the character of the stock brought into disrepute. Some medium between a fancy and a market price should be struck off, which would save the seller from disgust and loss, and the purchaser from too speculative an advance. Nothing, however, so decidedly points out the propriety of the popular and beneficial premium for gratis bulls, than this very circumstance of fancy rates, which would otherwise preclude all but the wealthy from the advantage of the improvement; whereas, under the influence of this premium, a yeoman farmer has been enabled to obtain a prize at this show, for a yearling heifer, (class 23) in competition with those of established breeders.

The adjudications have given general satisfaction, and the society are deeply indebted to those gentlemen who were induced to undertake, at their request, an office so irksome and laborious.

The prices of most kinds of grain have been inclined rather to depression during the month, and are still expected to be lower. The potatoes, the saving of which now occupies the farmer's chief attention, promises an abundance of that invaluable article of food, during the ensuing winter.

PRICE OF GRAIN, &c.

	Dublin.	Waterford.	Belfast.	Athlone.	Cork.	Limerick.
Wheat	bar. 33s. 2d½.	bar. 35s. 0d.	cwt. 12s. 0d.	bar. 24s. 6d.	20 st. 30s. 0d.	st. 1s. 6d.
Barley	17s. 7d.	15s. 6d.	8s. 3d.	0s. 0d.	36 st. 40s. 0d.	st. 10d.
Oats	14s. 0d.	13s. 6d.	7s. 10d.	8s. 9d.	33 st. 27s. 0d.	st. 10d.
Oatmeal	15s. 1½d.	00s. 0d.	13s. 0d.	Stone. 1s. 4d.	0s. 0d.	0s. 0d.
Potatoes	cwt. 2s. 6d. 3s.	st. 5d. to 6d.	st. 3d. 3dh.	stone. 2d. to 3d.	stope. 5dh.	0s. 0d.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ULTONIUS will perceive by a reference to the preceding pages, that we have attended to his last communication. He and all our other Correspondents, whose favours we are often under the necessity of postponing, may rest assured, that our apparent neglect is ever caused by necessity alone.

PUGIL HIBERNICUS means well—We regret that the execution does not equal the intention.

The last communication with which we have been favoured by V. R. is so different both in style and substance, from his former essay, that nothing but the signature and similarity of hand-writing, could have induced us to believe they proceeded from the same pen. We are sorry to be under the necessity of declining to publish it.

S. B. D. is requested to drop a line at our publishers, acquainting us with his address. He may rely on our secrecy, if he wishes it. To his query, we answer—the 24th.

Verses by G. and L. are left at the publishers for the authors.

The Letter of E. H. H. on National Education, shall appear in our next. The subject shall ever meet with our most respectful attention.

We have just observed, in a highly respectable Morning Paper, some remarks on the part of our Dramatic Strictures for last month, relating to the concert in the Denmark-street chapel. The editor of this paper has acted towards us with the most honourable candour. He has copied the passage alluded to *verbatim* before he made any comment on it. A reference to this document will shew, that our expressions were directed neither against patentee or performer. In their private characters we have no desire to interfere with either. We respect Mr. Catalani; we neither have nor court any communication with the patentee. In their public capacities we think both have a right to improve their properties by every honest means. The principle which we deemed a fit subject of reprehension, was that of inducing the public to conceive that the *whole* receipts were to be devoted to the cause of charity; whereas, as the *Freeman's Journal* acknowledges, one-third *at least* went into the pockets of individuals. This we condemned; nor have we as yet any reason to induce us to retract our assertion.

1 JY 59

J. Margan sculp.t

Mr. Mungo Park.

Engraved for the Dublin Monthly Museum